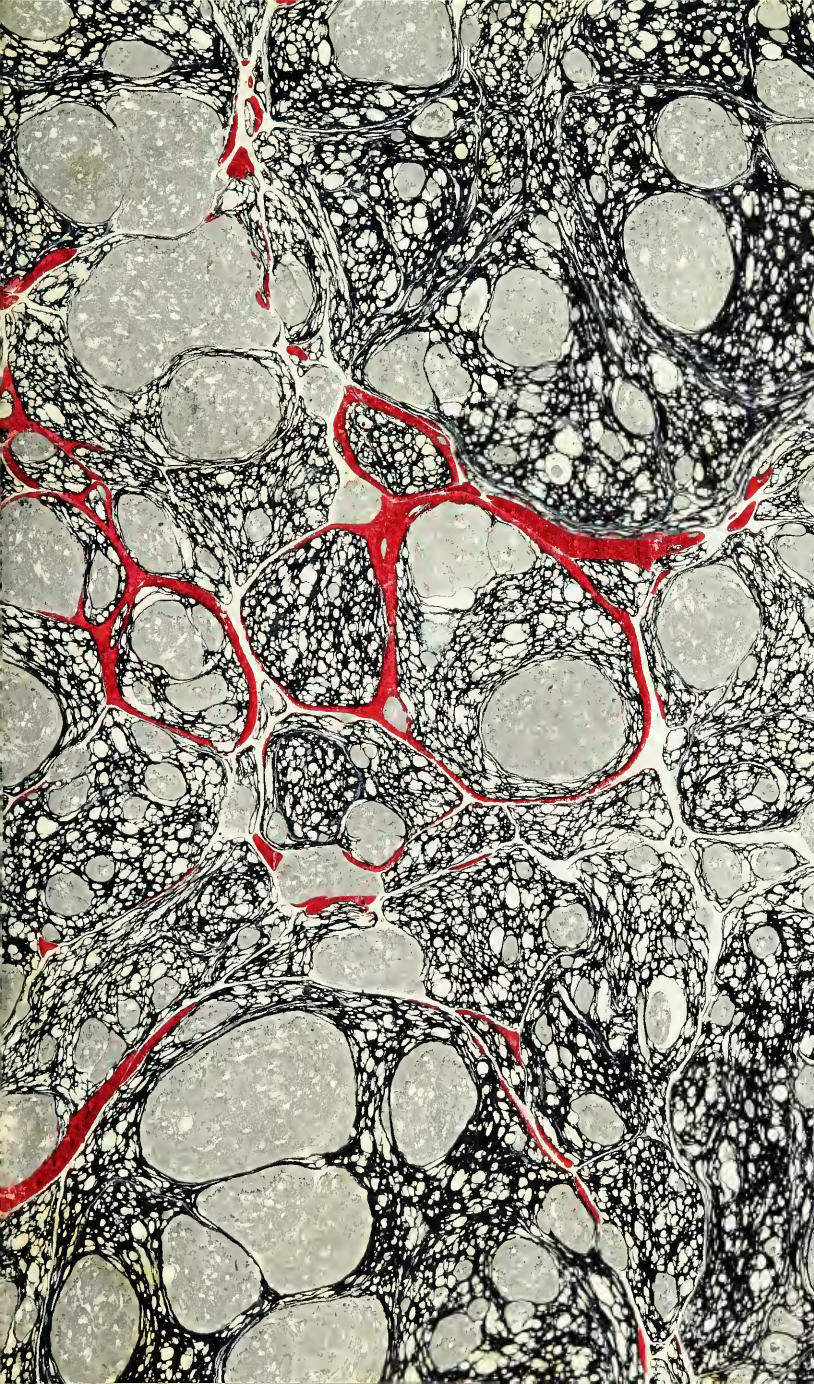


The background of the image is a traditional marbled paper pattern. It features large, irregular, light grey or off-white shapes that resemble stones or bubbles, set against a dense, intricate network of black and white lines. Interspersed throughout this pattern are thin, flowing veins of a vibrant red color. The overall effect is a complex, organic, and visually rich texture.

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SIR EDGAR;

A TALE,

IN TWO CANTOS:

WITH

SERIOUS TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Ancients;

AND

MERRY IMITATIONS

OF

A MODERN.

By FRANCIS HODGSON, A.M.

AUTHOR OF A

“TRANSLATION OF JUVENAL”—“LADY JANE GREY, ETC. ETC.”

LONDON:

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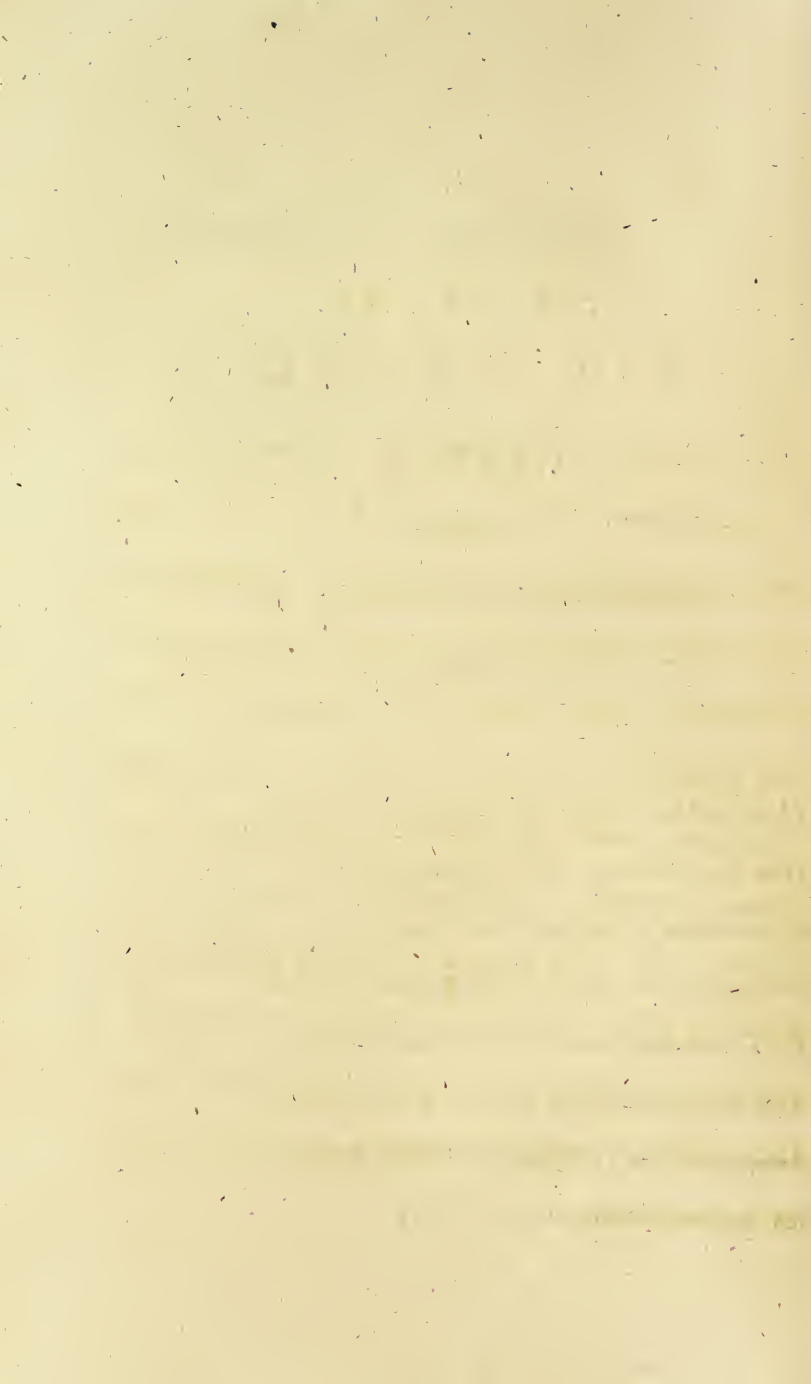
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ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

Page	Line	
11	3	Stanza 17, <i>for</i> suicides, <i>read</i> murderers.
44	3	Stanza 11, <i>for</i> were, <i>read</i> where.
72		<i>for</i> the concluding couplet, <i>read</i> — Divine Philosophy's inspiring ray, Rememb'ring stormy floods in Safety's peaceful bay.—
86	18	<i>for</i> my, <i>read</i> thy.
92		Supply inverted commas to every line.
108	2	"Hardwick," &c. The topography of our hero is hardly more correct than his astronomy.
117	6	<i>for</i> itself has made, <i>read</i> that chance has made, <i>and subjoin as a note</i> —"In this passage of Lucretius, his words (<i>vis abditā quædam</i>) imply an involuntary confession of a "Deity, inconsistent with his atheistical principles. He "acknowledges that some unknown Power governs the "Creation of Chance!"
135	5	<i>for</i> he ceas'd, <i>read</i> he check'd.
162	6	<i>for</i> that neck, <i>read</i> thy neck.
164	8	<i>for</i> life-blood, <i>read</i> lifeblood.
165		<i>dele</i> asterisks, <i>after</i> line 10.
184	3	<i>for</i> Russians, <i>read</i> Russian.
190	13	<i>for</i> When perhaps, if so, &c. <i>read</i> Pleas'd at the sound, if sovereign chance ordain.
191	1	<i>for</i> subtile, <i>read</i> subtle.
201	8	<i>for</i> a flowing easiness, <i>read</i> an easy fluency.
Ibid.	11	<i>for</i> noble writers, <i>read</i> nobler writers.
203	11	<i>for</i> crazy tales, <i>read</i> Crazy Tales.
212	<i>note</i>	<i>for</i> anacronism, <i>read</i> anachronism.
224	3	<i>for</i> and such, <i>read</i> and mark.

SIR EDGAR.

THE measure in which the following tale is written borrows from the stanza of Spenser, and alters that of Fairfax. It frequently, although not universally, adopts the concluding alexandrine of the former; and transposes the rhymes of the fifth and sixth verses of the latter.—If not unpleasing to the ear, variety of metrical arrangement is, perhaps, something. The story itself, such as it is, is original; but I fear may be considered as too subordinate in point of interest; and rather too like the connecting link of the author's observations upon the beauties of external nature, and the deformities of human passions.



S I R. E D G A R.

CANTO I.

“A verse may reach her who a sermon flies”, Pope.

I.

How trodden is the field of poetry,
How worn in ev'ry path by countless feet!
By travellers of high and low degree,
Whom at each turn in glowing haste we meet—
For all the way is cool'd by breezes sweet,
And streams that glide and murmur pleasantly
Among the flow'ry banks, and vallies deep,
Inviting to the cave of gentle Sleep.

II.

Green as that cave, which lies within the wood
Skirting the base of yonder easy hill,
And, shadow'd in the mirror of the flood,
Gains fresher calmness, and repose more still.
Oh ! 'tis a spot to fix the wav'ring will,
And bid the journeyer rest in happy mood,
Forever bound to one delightful home,
With many a sigh to stay, without a wish to roam.

III.

For noiseless there the fragrant dew's of night
Descending shed their fruitful balm around ;
There, as the silver moon's unclouded light
Steals through the bow'r, and trembles on the ground,
Safe from the rabble world's unholy sound
How joyously the muse would take her flight
To realms of purer peace, and blest and free,
Range through thy fields, divine Philosophy !

IV.

Nor uninhabited that pleasant cave,

Nor yet by fabled deity possess'd :

For, farther on, beside the winding wave,

Sir Edgar dwells—a knight by fortune bless'd,

Once fam'd in war, but now retir'd to rest,

“ Buried, yet living, in a rural grave,”

(So laugh'd his courtly friends) but well I ween

Repaid for fool-born jests by this enchanting scene.

V.

Hither retreating from the noisy crowd,

That fill'd his neighb'ring castle's spacious walls,

He seeks the charm of grief—to think aloud,

And, only answer'd by the waterfalls,

Pour unobserv'd the murmur, that recalls

Those happier days, when Emma was not proud,

When Emma was not sunk in Folly's maze,

But innocent as fair—“ Oh ! lost and happy days !

VI.

- ‘ Oh! days forever gone,’ the mourner cries,
- ‘ Why did ye smile, yet cease so soon to smile?
- ‘ If life’s best glory is but born and dies,
- ‘ What charm shall man’s unhappiness beguile?
- ‘ If truth is chang’d to falsehood’s subtle wile,
- ‘ If Heav’n itself deceives in woman’s eyes,
- ‘ Well shall we burst at once these bonds of woe!
- ‘ But see! the hand of God arrests the frantic blow.

VII.

- ‘ To give our reason scope he placed us here,
- ‘ To try the nerve and vigour of our soul:
- ‘ Each has a task, in his allotted sphere,
- ‘ To keep the rebel passions in control:
- ‘ Life is our arduous race, and Heav’n the goal—
- ‘ Hope and reward, and punishment and fear,
- ‘ On either side encourage us to win,
- ‘ Excite to virtuous strength, deter from sluggish sin.

VIII.

- ‘ And shall we faint, like cowards, on the road,
- ‘ And quit the glorious contest in despair?
- ‘ No! pressing on to that divine abode
- ‘ Where joy unfading breathes th’ ambrosial air,
- ‘ Eager we’ll cross the low damp grounds of care,
- ‘ Despise dull labour’s momentary load,
- ‘ Climb the steep upland to a brighter sky,
- ‘ And snatch the prize of Immortality.

IX.

- ‘ If such our aim, with blazing light before
- ‘ The Son of God shall guide and cheer our way;
- ‘ Himself expand that everlasting door,
- ‘ The King of Glory, and the Star of Day!
- ‘ Oh! how shall we sustain the dazzling ray
- ‘ Of pow’r’s transcendent brightness? how implore
- ‘ Love’s unimagined mercy, to forgive
- ‘ Man’s guilty race, and die that we should live?

X.

' Should live for ever in the realms above,
 ' Redeem'd from death, the penalty of sin!
 ' Should feel the blessedness of sacred love,
 ' And glow with speechless gratitude within—
 ' When shall the eternal round of joys begin,
 ' When shall we spread the pinions of the dove,
 ' And fly away from earth, and be at rest?
 ' Forbear th' impatient hope, my fond presuming breast.

XI.

' From dust, from nothing, to this beauteous earth
 ' Creation rais'd us at th' Almighty word;
 ' Fair, universal Nature hail'd our birth,
 ' And own'd the chief whom God himself preferr'd:
 ' Th' obedient brutes his lofty mandate heard,
 ' And bow'd to man supreme in power and worth—
 ' To man, yet destin'd to a nobler sphere,
 ' And born to deathless bliss, when all has vanish'd here.

XII.

'Thou inexhaustibly abundant source
 'Of Providential good! shall man receive
 'Thy whole benevolence? the gather'd force
 'Of all the Godhead's energies? believe,
 'Ye thankless progeny of sinful Eve,
 'Who madly follow a forbidden course,
 'Believe enough to tremble, and confess
 'Unmerited the gift of heav'nly happiness.

XIII.

'Free gift, and purchas'd by the holy blood
 'Of that unspotted Saviour, who could deign
 'To quit th' immortal throne of grace that stood
 'On the right hand of God, in Heav'n's domain,
 'To take the form of penury and pain,
 'Endure unnat'ral ills for others' good,
 'Range the vile earth at cruel man's control,
 'And pay his guilty debt, and save his ransom'd soul.

XIV.

‘ Oh ! is it not enough that nature spreads
 ‘ Her bounteous feast for ev’ry living thing ?
 ‘ That Heav’n’s blue arch is stretch’d above our heads,
 ‘ Beneath our feet earth’s grassy treasures spring ?—
 ‘ That all around the balmy breezes fling
 ‘ Their healthful odours from the mossy beds
 ‘ Of flow’rs with countless hues, that deck the land,
 ‘ And testify the work of God’s incessant hand ?

XV.

‘ Oh ! is it not enough that curious art
 ‘ Improves the growth of nature’s fairest fruits ?
 ‘ That cultivation’s prudent toils impart
 ‘ New wealth to men, and nobler use to brutes ?
 ‘ That ev’ry taste a various pleasure suits,
 ‘ That elegance adorns the generous heart,
 ‘ And all the native bullion of the mind
 ‘ Is fashion’d into gold, exalted, and refin’d ?

XVI.

' Enough for man, that such a store of bliss
 ' Should, undeserv'd, be offer'd to his pow'r :
 ' Enough, that reigning o'er a world like this
 ' We live the lords of time's contracted hour :
 ' For half the storms that on our fortune low'r
 ' Are rais'd by thoughts that drive us to distress,
 ' Rais'd by ourselves, by passion wildly strong,
 ' By unresisted love that hurries us along.

XVII.

' We are our own most unrelenting foes,
 ' And blindly forfeit what we could enjoy :
 ' Infuriate suicides of life's repose,
 ' Wishing we taint, possessing we destroy :
 ' The charms that most delight us soonest cloy !
 ' Forgetful of its sweets, we scorn the rose
 ' Pluck'd from its rifled tree, and, cruel ! haste
 ' To crop another flow'r, create another waste.

XVIII.

' Shall we, the conscious slaves of guilt, presume
 ' To criminate the God who gave us life?
 ' Shall we resent th' imaginary gloom,
 ' The willing toil, the self-excited strife,
 ' The late, late knowledge of a once-lov'd wife,
 ' That surest anguish of our mortal doom?—
 ' Shall we, who bring upon ourselves our grief,
 ' Accuse at once our lot, and supplicate relief?

XIX.

' Oh miserable man! thy soaring pride
 ' To lowest meanness has reduc'd thy state!
 ' Has vainly set thy Saviour's strength aside,
 ' And, on thine own perfection, dar'd await
 ' Th' inexorable law's terrific fate!
 ' And dost thou hope, weak mortal, to abide
 ' The wrath to come? Oh! tremble, and repent
 ' Ere yet too late, and hail the pardon sent.—

XX.

‘ Sweet Emma! loveliest girl of southern lands,
 ‘ How shall my heart recal thy youthful charms?
 ‘ That hour the holy father join’d our hands,
 ‘ That hour thy virgin beauty bless’d my arms?
 ‘ The soft remembrance wakes such wild alarms
 ‘ That manly sense no more my mind commands,
 ‘ That all my boyish tenderness returns,
 ‘ And with reviving love thy vanquish’d Edgar burns.

XXI.

‘ But not for him does Emma’s bosom beat
 ‘ With fondness, mindful of those happy hours,
 ‘ When wand’ring down the glade with careless feet
 ‘ We sought together our paternal bow’rs!
 ‘ When for her hair I wove the wreath of flow’rs,
 ‘ Or taught the wood to sound with echoes sweet
 ‘ Answ’ring my artless lute’s impassion’d lay,
 ‘ Unconscious of the close of many a summer day.

XXII.

- ‘ Ah! how can she forget the soothing scene,
- ‘ The frequent gaze of love’s responsive eye,
- ‘ Vows interchanged, and kisses snatched between,
- ‘ The flow of faithful hearts, when God alone is nigh?
- ‘ Ah! how can she forget his presence high,
- ‘ When words and looks in yonder arbour green,
- ‘ The tenderest words and looks that man could melt,
- ‘ Confess’d the mutual warmth my yielding Emma felt?

XXIII.

- ‘ And is it past, the vision of delight?
- ‘ Does cold and fickle vanity succeed?
- ‘ Is Edgar now indifferent to her sight,
- ‘ And can she see unmov’d his bosom bleed?
- ‘ Oh! life is then a worthless waste indeed,
- ‘ A dreary, long, impenetrable night
- ‘ Of thickest clouds, and desarts spread below,
- ‘ Peopled with horrid shapes, and echoing shrieks of woe!

XXIV.

‘Return, return, thou holy Faith, from Heav’n,
 ‘Descend in gentle dews on Emma’s breast!
 ‘Wake the pure wish that pants to be forgiv’n,
 ‘And sighs for regions of eternal rest:
 ‘Of weak and worldly cares her soul divest,
 ‘Restore obedient thoughts, affections even,
 ‘Blest days, in angel charities employ’d,
 ‘Nights of connubial love, in noiseless peace enjoy’d.”

XXV.

Thus to the secret grove the mourner spoke,
 Stretch’d on a bank that overhung the wave;
 When on his ears the distant revel broke,
 And fierce he hasten’d to his inmost cave:—
 Thither nor haughty chief, nor humble slave
 Would dare to follow, when from yonder oak
 Wav’d the black flag of Solitude, and show’d
 Its lord was present in the dread abode.

XXVI.

One cloud of stern severity alone
 Darken'd the soldier's philosophic mind ;
 This grot so sacredly he held his own,
 That lofty peer alike, and lowly hind
 Shudder'd to enter, where he lay reclin'd
 On fix'd and solemn hours, and pour'd the groan
 Of secret sadness, from the world apart,
 In still communion with the pensive heart.

XXVII.

And hence about the vale dark stories ran
 Of midnight converse with th' uncoffin'd dead—
 Of voices wilder than the voice of man,
 And wondrous lights that flash'd dismay and fled—
 Nay, by some fearful villagers 'twas said,
 When one strange air within the wood began,
 Of more than mortal height a spirit past,
 Wrapp'd in a shadowy veil, shrill-rustling in the blast!

XXVIII.

And hence compassion, ever prone to err,
 Condol'd with Emma's inauspicious lot;
 Sank, in return, her lord's fair character,
 Belied his thoughts, his charities forgot:
 The scandal reach'd the knight, but hurt him not;
 No words ungrateful could his hand deter
 From kindest acts; no tales of folly mov'd
 His ling'ring step to quit the cave he lov'd.

XXIX.

But gay and joyous was his lady's life,
 And fill'd with splendid guests her castle tow'rs,
 Where lordly gallants vied in courteous strife
 To wing with liveliest art the wanton hours,
 Or deck the heavy chain of time with flow'rs—
 Not that the blithesome fair forgot the wife,
 But smil'd delusive hope on all the throng,
 And listen'd to the praise of many an am'rous song.

XXX.

Among the rest Sir Algernon would try
 (Nor often try in vain) to please her ear;
 Sir Algernon, the flow'r of courtesy,
 The brightest star in fashion's royal sphere :
 The court quite languish'd, while he sojourn'd here,
 Saw half its flow'rs of beauty, droop and die,
 Uncherish'd by the breath of tuneful praise,
 Robb'd of the conscious pride his voice alone could raise.

XXXI.

Blithe were the sports of Emma's high-born guests,
 The round of pleasure chang'd each lively morn ;
 Song and the dance adorn'd her splendid feasts,
 Her park loud echoed to the hunter's horn :
 Or when the fields were sad, and woods forlorn
 Groan'd with their snowy load, then cheerful jests,
 And games of glee pass'd round the wint'ry fire,
 And ladies' eyes inflam'd each rival lyre.

XXXII.

A silver urn was plac'd upon the board,
 And there each knight his votive off'ring threw :
 Emma, the guardian of the tuneful hoard,
 The well-seal'd lots with playful archness drew :
 The songs were read, but none their authors knew,
 Except the name of that victorious lord
 Who won th' appointed prize, with sweet acclaim
 Pronounc'd by all the fair the hero of the game.

XXXIII.

It chanc'd one eve two candidates had sung
 A strain esteem'd so equal by the fair,
 That now the prize on Emma's sentence hung,
 Accustom'd arbitress of worth so rare :
 With grave and thoughtful looks of critic care,
 With eye intent, and duly pausing tongue,
 The beauteous judge her graceful task began,
 And thus the first ambitious numbers ran.

Poem the First.

‘ Oh ! dream not of a future life,

‘ Ye earth-born sons of ceaseless care !

‘ From dust ye sprung to toil and strife,

‘ To dust return, and moulder there.

‘ Some wanton chance to being call’d

‘ This union strange of fire and clay ;

‘ In matter’s chains the spark inthrall’d,

‘ And bade it burn its little day.

‘ Then fill the bowl, and weave the dance,

‘ And crown with flow’rs the poet’s brow !

‘ Let beauty’s smile our hearts entrance,

‘ And fabled heav’n be tasted now.

‘ The frigid dreams of drowsy priests

‘ Their waking transports well belie ;

‘ Forbearance flies their glutton feasts,

‘ And love has lit the holy eye.

‘ But heed not art’s deceitful race,

‘ When nature speaks the solemn truth,

‘ That here alone we find a place,

‘ Die, and enjoy no second youth.

‘ The tree, despoil’d of verdant leaves

‘ By surly winter’s iron hand,

‘ Another robe in spring receives—

‘ But liv’d beneath the frosty land.

‘ Struck by the woodman’s axe it falls,

‘ And lies extended on the plain—

‘ What genial sun its life recalls?

‘ What show’rs shall bid it bloom again?

‘ Then cease the vain delusive tale

‘ That likens man to nature’s fruits:

‘ We cross a short but mournful vale,

‘ Then perish with our kindred brutes!

‘ So fill the bowl, and weave the dance,

‘ And crown with flow’rs the poet’s brow !

‘ Let beauty’s smile our heart’s entrance,

‘ And fabled heav’n be tasted now.’

XXXIV.

The pensive lady paus’d, and through the throng

In silence fix’d a chilly tremor stole—

They gaz’d to find the framer of the song,

And pleasure seem’d to quit th’ insulted soul.

Fair Emma seiz’d in haste the rival scroll,

And as its manlier measure roll’d along,

‘ How carelessly ye read, with warmth she cried,

‘ That ye could smile before, and waver to decide !’

Poem the Second.

‘ Vain is the toil of honour ; vain the care,

‘ And low contention of this troubled air ;

‘ Life is a scene of sadness ; death bestows

‘ A soothing silence, and a calm repose.

‘ Tell me, my love, if yet a hope remains

‘ That quicken’d once with joy thy youthful veins?

“ Yes, yes!” thy heart with eager leap replies—

“ Ah! spare the tears that cloud our mortal eyes!”

‘ Spare them I will—but hear the higher rhyme,

‘ And spurn the little joys of transient time.

‘ Canst thou believe, that when thy soul has flown,

‘ And left this lifeless body here alone,

‘ That soul is lost in undistinguish’d space?

‘ Or has it yet a being, yet a place?

‘ It has, my love! as strongly as it feels,

‘ (When heavy sleep the closing eye-lid seals)

‘ Though robb’d of sense, with neither ear, nor eye,

‘ Taste, smell, or touch, its native energy—

‘ So strongly shall it burst corporeal chains,

‘ When time is gone, eternity remains,

‘ And, in some realm appointed by our God,

‘ The deathless spirit finds a last abode.

‘ No rhapsody I pour—yon burning heav’n

‘ Behold with joy, nor hope to be forgiv’n,

‘Doubtful of Him who bade his sacred light
 ‘Adorn the cheerful day, and gem the silent night.
 ‘——To light and life he gave their sudden birth,
 ‘And deck’d with fruits and flow’rs the grateful earth;
 ‘Bade the rich vale in varied wealth expand,
 ‘And rob’d in pleasant green the smiling land.
 ‘Here, at his word, majestic rivers run
 ‘With streams that glitter to the golden sun;
 ‘Proud on their banks time-honour’d woods arise,
 ‘And hills behind, that emulate the skies;
 ‘While towns and scatter’d villages between,
 ‘And grazing flocks, diversify the scene;
 ‘While lordly man amid the picture moves,
 ‘And God beholds the happiness he loves.
 ‘——While from the vale, green field, and winding flood,
 ‘And heath-crown’d hill, and dark encircling wood,
 ‘Earth’s smoking incense to the skies ascends,
 ‘And in blue mist the fading distance ends.
 ‘Think’st thou this beauteous pageant only spread
 ‘For the short journey ere we join the dead?

'Think'st thou no realm with fairer charms will glow,
 'No guiltless paradise, estrang'd from woe?
 'That the high flame thy bosom feels within,
 'Though damp'd by sorrow, and obscur'd by sin,
 'The flame of pride, of freedom, and of sense,
 'The wondrous soul's divine magnificence,
 'Will sleep forever in the dreary tomb,
 'Languish and die in earth's ungenial womb,
 'Chain'd to that prison it despis'd before,
 'And left in life through heav'nly fields to soar,
 'On fancy's wing its future joys pursue,
 'And catch of Eden a prophetic view?
 'No! where the pow'r of song has clearly giv'n
 'The stamp and earnest of our native heav'n,
 'Where love corroborates the high bequest,
 'Exalts at once, and purifies the breast,
 'There God himself erects his human throne,
 'And sees the glowing spirit all his own.'

XXXV.

‘And can ye doubt,’ the lovely umpire cries,

‘Between the force of reason, and a jest?’

She said, and sought with animated eyes

To find the secret emblem, which express’d

The poet’s name, and her’s whom he address’d:

She read her own with joy—but oh! surprize

With throbbing tumult fill’d her, as she view’d

‘Edgar—thy lord—the friend of solitude,’

XXXVI.

Oh! speak the feeling of the husband’s heart,

Ye who have lost, and struggle to regain

A wife’s affections! all your warmth impart

To the reviving rapture of my strain,

Open of love that old exalted vein,

By nature’s self inspired and ignorant of art!

As with remember’d tears of soft’ning truth,

Fair Emma gives her hand to him she lov’d in youth.

XXXVII.

The crowd rejoic'd—but Algernon alone
 Conceiv'd malignant envy in his mind ;
 Swell'd with augmenting hatred's stifled groan,
 And griev'd so fruitless all his arts to find :
 What, shall a grov'ling hermit leave behind
 The courtly knight in studies all his own ?
 In secret wiles a lady's soul to win,
 And turn the path that pleasure slopes to sin ?

XXXVIII.

Baffled by him whose nobler deeds abroad
 Had sham'd Sir Algernon in many a fight,
 Whose high ascending genius proudly aw'd
 The prostrate glory of each yielding knight,
 Baffled by him, in labours gay and light,
 In joyous song—with deep and pois'nous fraud,
 The wily courtier sought that pleasant balm
 Revenge alone can yield the jealous breast to calm.

XXXIX.

Revenge! thou dæmon of a dreadful hour
 In gen'rous souls! but in the sordid slave,
 Thou unextinguish'd, everlasting pow'r,
 Till thy lost victim withers in the grave!
 Never, oh! never dost thou haunt the brave,
 Beyond the natural frowns that fiercely low'r
 Upon the offending wretch who wrongs their worth,
 Beyond the hasty blow that sweeps him from the earth.

XL.

Revenge inflam'd Sir Algernon—but skill,
 But practised cunning, kept his fury back—
 ‘And yet, thou sage!’ he thought, ‘I’ll work thee ill,
 ‘And yet I’ll force thee from thy holy track!
 ‘Such plausible report thy soul shall wrack,
 ‘That thou shalt wonder at thy guilty will;
 ‘Thyself shalt be astonish’d, saintly sage,
 ‘To find so lewd thy Christian pilgrimage!’

XLI.

Our thoughts are actions, when conceiv'd with force—
 And thus, at once, Sir Algernon essay'd
 By subtle tales, concealing still their source,
 By kind address, and brib'ry's shameless aid,
 To scandalize the chaste and holy shade
 Of the green wood by yonder river's course,
 With doubtful hints that in the cave of sleep
 More sprightly guests their wanton vigils keep.

XLII.

But, glad to crown his am'rous task, the knight
 Contriv'd another trial of the muse ;
 Where Edgar, so he deem'd, would scorn to write,
 And with a manly pride the victory refuse :
 The theme was better fitted for the stews,
 For regions of abhorr'd and lawless night,
 Than for the polish'd court of decent rule,
 For beauty's galaxy, and fashion's school.

XLIII.

The theme was wine—but well th' intriguer knew
 Rude Bacchanalian mirth forbidden here :
 So gentle colours o'er the scene he threw,
 And prais'd that joyous season of the year,
 When, cheering yellow autumn's colours sere,
 The clusters of the vine with brightest hue
 Burst through their veil of leaves, a grateful scene,
 The blooming purple, and th' enliv'ning green !

Poem the First.

'Talk not of immortality ! the grape,
 'The grape alone immortal rapture yields !
 'Who can the grasping fangs of death escape ?
 'Who tastes the nectar of the Elysian fields ?
 'Tis but a dream ! no ecstasy survives
 'The adamantine barriers of the tomb :
 'God in no future world our guilt forgives—
 'We die !—and wine alone consoles our doom.

‘ Not wine alone—for woman’s melting eye,

‘ For one dear woman’s penetrating smile,

‘ Not only soothes our toilsome destiny,

‘ Not only can our hours of grief beguile,

‘ But makes us fond of life’s most worthless scene,

‘ This checquer’d darkness of our doubting minds;

‘ These show’rs of tears, with scarce a smile between,

‘ But Hope—that seeks for all, and nothing finds !

‘ Oh woman ! loveliest work of Nature’s hand,

‘ Bright are the beams that play around thy charms !

‘ Who can thy fair, thy soft’ning sight withstand ?

‘ Who doubt to clasp thee in his glowing arms ?

‘ For him no joy in Eden’s bow’rs would dwell,

‘ If Eden’s bow’rs were aught but fabled dreams:

‘ To him the myrtle grove of Pagan hell,

‘ The black Cocytus, and Avernian streams,

'Are all alike!—for when the fancy strains
 'To reach its highest joy in future heav'n,
 'The bowl of rosy juice it only drains,
 'It only clasps the fair, and is forgiv'n!'

So sang the slave of Mahomet—but loud,
 And high, and sudden to the list'ning throng,
 Bursting abroad, electrified the crowd
 Sir Edgar's unpremeditated song.

Poem the Second.

'I will not hear, I will not hear
 'The sluggard tone of wanton ease;
 'Strains ill prepar'd for lady's ear,
 'Strains that the harlot's soul should please!

 'Where is the gaze of mutual love,
 'Where is the kiss of fond desire?
 'The feeling to our God above
 'That lifts us with a heav'nly fire?

‘ Oh ! diff’rent is the body’s glow

‘ ‘ From the pure warmth that fills the soul ;

‘ Oh ! diff’rent is affection’s flow

‘ From rapture kindled by the bowl.

‘ Ye sons of cold luxurious earth,—

‘ And thou, enjoyment’s selfish slave,

‘ Betraying thy ignoble birth,

‘ The dust that form’d thee is thy grave !

‘ But is thy meanness justly brought

‘ The proof of God’s diminish’d pow’r ?

‘ Hast thou not check’d the nobler thought

‘ That led thee to a future hour ?

‘ Hast thou not struggled to suppress

‘ The high indignant soul within ?

‘ By folly lost earth’s happiness,

‘ And lost celestial bliss by sin ?

‘ Say, hadst thou not the freedom to resist ?

‘ Say, could thy lawless deeds have not been done ?

‘ Soldiers of vice, in virtue’s cause enlist !

‘ Soldiers of vice, the field can yet be won !

‘ Advance, ye warriors of the bleeding cross,

‘ Advance your dauntless bosom to the spear !

‘ What, if ye lose the battle, is your loss ?

‘ High wealth hereafter, chang’d for sorrow here.

XLIV.

‘ Pardon, fair dames, the loudness of my strain,

‘ I only sigh to win your souls to bliss ;

‘ I only strive to guard you from the pain

‘ Of hope encourag’d in a scene like this :

‘ Farewell ! and fondly think of happiness

‘ With those ye love—for oh ! ’tis all in vain

‘ To labour in our world, without the wife

‘ Who shares our joy and grief, and gives its worth to life.’

XLV.

These words were whisper'd in fair Emma's ear,
 These soft concluding words of Edgar's speech ;
 And, as he spoke, she dropp'd a gentle tear,
 A tear that could a heart of iron reach—
 It melted his ; and much he long'd to teach
 A softer lesson to his consort dear,
 But, with a mischievous success, the knight
 Thriv'd in intrigue, and stirr'd amusement light.

XLVI.

High in the hall he vaulted, and defied
 The younger lords to vigorous display :
 Then, with the smile of courtly grace, he tried
 To turn Sir Edgar's hurtful thoughts away—
 And, “ Oh ! to-morrow be the joyous day
 “ Of joust and tournament,” he gaily cried,
 ‘ Then shall we prove the temper of our arms,
 ‘ Then shall the conq’ring knight deserve his lady’s charms.’

XLVII.

All irresistible the laughing grace
 That deck'd Sir Algernon's enlighten'd air ;
 Sir Edgar's self saw genius in his face,
 And Emma found too many beauties there—
 ' Oh ! how shall I reclaim my fickle fair !'
 The husband sigh'd, as now with mournful pace
 He walk'd awhile within his fav'rite bow'r,
 Then sought the lamp that lit the western tow'r.

XLVIII.

There anxious Emma waited for her lord
 With passions half his own, and half estrang'd ;
 Recall'd each tender, each resentful word,
 Now felt the same, and now was wholly chang'd—
 While the sad chief the lonely valley rang'd,
 And long'd to drive th' intruder from his board,
 ' But Oh ! how worthless were the fair,' he cried,
 ' Who only 'scapes the sin that chance denied !

XLIX.

‘Emma! if yet a lurking spark remains
‘Of genuine nature in thine alter’d breast;
‘Emma! how willing were my fondest pains
‘To rouse the dormant virtue from its rest:
‘The transient warmth thy late applause confess’d,
‘How amply it repaid my humble strains!
‘Oh welcome, Hope! to-morrow I may raise
‘By val’rous deeds the love of youthful days.’

SIR EDGAR.

CANTO II.

I.

THE morning breaks—and from the glitt'ring hills
The clouds, in fleecy volumes, roll away ;
Clear flows the current of the rapid rills,
As o'er the green and pleasant vale they stray :
The birds within the wood salute the day
With grateful music ; dewy fragrance fills
The cool fresh air around ; and nature's face,
Lit by the smiling sun, assumes its fairest grace.

II.

Forth from the castle ride the gorgeous train,
 In shining arms magnificently dight :
 But ill would it become my graver strain
 To tell the trappings of each diff'rent knight,
 Their shield's insignia gain'd in glorious fight,
 Their helm and crest—such knowledge light and vain
 As school-boy heralds crowd upon their page,
 Dull antiquarian trash, to please a childish age.

III.

Enough for me, that gallant was the show
 Of warlike banners waving in the air;
 Enough for me, that England's stoutest foe
 Had trembled to behold the soldiers there :
 That not a realm could boast diviner fair,
 More grac'd by dress, more rich in beauty's glow,
 Than the gay dames of Emma's brilliant band,
 Emma herself the brightest in the land.

IV.

The lists are form'd—and, eager to advance,
 The chosen knights anticipate the prize ;
 Their ladies' eyes the victory enhance,
 Defeat were dreadful in their ladies' eyes :
 War's animating music rends the skies,
 I hear the crash of each encount'ring lance,
 I see the steeds roll'd headlong to the ground—
 The whirling falchions flash ! the rapid blows resound !

V.

Wave we their names and honours—for, behold !
 Of nobler size, and more commanding mien,
 Clad in refulgent arms of burnish'd gold,
 Firm on his prancing steed, a knight is seen
 To cross with martial air the tented green—
 He bows around the ring with duty cold,
 But halts a longer space at Emma's seat,
 And lingers gazing there, unwilling to retreat.

VI.

But hark ! a loud defiance strikes his ears,
 And answering trumpets interchange the threat :
 Cas'd in black mail a dauntless chief appears—
 High tow'r his nodding plumes of gloomy jet ;
 Resistless in the rest his lance is set :
 Pale turn the dames, and shake with dizzy fears,
 As, reeling from the shock together giv'n,
 They part, like thunder-clouds that burst in heav'n.

VII.

Another charge of such tremendous force
 Distain'd with blood the golden-armour'd knight ;
 Shook him, half breathless, from his falling horse,
 And thrill'd the whole assembly with the sight :
 His foe dismounts, and pauses from the fight,
 (A noble pause in his victorious course !)
 To give his rival breath, and let him find
 His hardihood of limb, and tone of mind.

VIII.

Again they meet—how terrible the clash
 Of sounding arms, the combat's savage pride !
 Fierce at each other's breasts their weapons dash,
 Their balanc'd strength no witness can decide :
 And now a direful blow has swept aside
 One warrior's helm—the steely lightnings flash
 With fire and force redoubled—and behold
 The brave Sir Algernon, the knight of gold !

IX.

A look too fearful now the combat wears,
 Too like the genuine strife for glory's meed :
 But still Sir Algernon so nobly bears
 The shock that hurl'd him, wounded, from his steed,
 Still sees so carelessly his bosom bleed,
 That the surrounding crowd dispel their fears,
 View his firm footstep with admiring eye,
 And hail his sure advance to victory.

X.

Transcendent beauty o'er his forehead play'd,
 His forehead shaded by his flowing hair ;
 A generous blush his burning cheeks betray'd,
 And mantling pride etherializ'd his air—
 You might have heard the bosoms of the fair
 Beat high and loud with terror, as array'd
 In all his dreadful gloom, the sable knight
 Came on, with lofty stride, to terminate the fight.

XI.

Dark wav'd the plumes upon his iron casque,
 A more than human grandeur fill'd his form—
 Such, in those sands were sun-burnt Arabs bask,
 Stalks the black column through the deep'ning storm.
 What hope can now the gentle bosom warm?
 How shall their knight sustain his awful task?
 How shall Sir Algernon escape the blow
 Suspended o'er his head with aim secure and slow?

XII.

With shield uplifted to receive the sword,
 Sir Algernon approach'd—and now the throng
 Hasten'd to interpose, and check the lord
 Contending with a foe too fierce and strong :
 And doubtful murmurs ran the seats along,
 That the black knight was stranger to the board
 Of good Sir Edgar's hall, and lawless, came
 To win unknightly praise, to snatch forbidden fame.

XIII.

Their doubts were ended by the sudden thrust
 Of brave Sir Algernon's recover'd hand :
 He laid his stern opponent in the dust,
 And o'er the fallen soldier wav'd his brand !
 Then dropp'd, himself, exhausted on the land,
 And died, the victim of accursed lust—
 For, lo ! his rival rises, and exclaims,
 ' Such be the fate of guilt, ye knights, and beauteous dames

XIV.

‘This Emma, be the fate,’ he feebly said,
 ‘Of him who touch’d too deep thy faithless mind’—
 But, as he doff’d the helmet from his head,
 And on the bosom of his squire reclin’d,
 He fainted, ere he yet the tones could find
 For Emma’s startled ear, who swiftly sped
 To take old Conrad’s place, and catch each word
 That slowly struggled from her wounded lord.

XV.

Sir Edgar gasping lay—‘attend, my love,
 ‘Attend,’ he sigh’d, ‘to this my last request—
 ‘Bear me, Oh! bear me to my fav’rite grove,
 ‘And where I liv’d in quiet, let me rest!’
 Unutterable anguish swell’d the breast
 Of beauteous Emma, as she fondly strove
 To make atonement for her thoughtless life,
 And at her husband’s death to be his tender wife.

XVI.

I pass the tumult of th' astonish'd crowd,
The fearful ladies hurrying from the ring;
The shrieks, resounding through the vale aloud,
And birds of evil omen on the wing:
The minstrel's harp through every thrilling string
Awaken'd by the wind; the waves that flow'd
With sadder sound along the woodland glade,
To soothe Sir Algernon's departing shade:

XVII.

To soothe Sir Edgar's faint and weary sprite,
Not yet releas'd from this terrestrial chain;
Yet panting for the fields of heavn'ly light,
Yet conscious of the world's degrading pain—
Too desperate was the contest to regain
His Emma's love; and sudden set the night
Upon her dawning virtue, as she hung
On the last accents of his trembling tongue.

XVIII.

‘ This cave, my Emma,’ said the dying chief,
 ‘ This cave, my Emma, be my funeral bed !
 ‘ And thou, indulging no unworthy grief,
 ‘ Revisit the cold earth where I am laid :
 ‘ Let many a night thy sacred vows be paid
 ‘ At this lone shrine — and Oh ! the sweet relief
 ‘ That conscious faithfulness shall bring thy heart,
 ‘ Will recompense the loss of all the pomp of art.

XIX.

‘ And now, farewell ! to other realms I go,
 ‘ And wait thee, Emma, in a nobler sphere,
 ‘ If the fond heart that lov’d so well below,
 ‘ Shall meet in heav’n the fair it cherish’d here !
 ‘ Restrain, my love, that self-accusing tear—
 ‘ Oh, Emma ! little were my parting woe,
 ‘ If I could hope again to see those eyes,
 ‘ Were that dear breast my pillow in the skies.

XX.

'I faint—farewell!—let no unmeaning pride
 'Disgrace the simple burial of the brave:
 'Let no reflecting sage the pomp deride
 'That lays a worthless mortal in the grave.
 'Here, in my coffin place my trusty glaive,
 'My helm and shield—and, frequent, at the side
 'Of Edgar's rural tomb, let Emma weep,
 'Mourn her lost lord, and bid his ashes sleep.'

XXI.

He said—and Conrad from the dark'ning grove,
 Conrad, his old companion in the fight,
 Bore with officious haste his weeping love,
 And quick perform'd th' injunctions of the knight.
 Scarce had the sun diffus'd his dawning light
 On the successive morn, when slowly move
 ('Twas thus Sir Edgar will'd) the funeral train,
 And bear his rival to his native plain.

XXII.

Then, gladly had she sought the much-lov'd cave,
 And clasp'd the lifeless corse, reposing there ;
 Then, gladly had she shar'd her husband's grave,
 Nor ever breath'd again this hateful air—
 But Conrad's words diminish'd her despair,
 Told her, her lord each little wrong forgave,
 Lov'd her in death as dearly as in life,
 This his last pray'r, ' reunion with his wife !'

XXIII.

And scarce, retiring from the sadden'd scene,
 What once was gay Sir Algernon had pass'd ;
 When Conrad, with regret's dejected mien,
 Announc'd the hour Sir Edgar breath'd his last.
 Oh ! then the sun was veil'd, the chilly blast
 Spoke death to Emma ; then, in anguish keen,
 She urg'd each lord to quit her Edgar's tow'rs,
 And ev'ry dame to leave her guilty bow'rs.

XXIV.

'And save her,' thus the squire prolong'd his tale,
 'Save her, Sir Edgar cried, the painful sight
 'Of mourners rob'd in black, and torches pale
 'That shed upon the tomb their holy light :
 'With decent care let each religious rite
 'Be secretly observ'd, within the vale
 'Where Edgar sinks to rest—but tell my love,
 'Till all is o'er, to fly that solemn grove.'

XXV.

The mournful fair obey'd ; and strove to find
 In her lone chamber consolation high,
 From pray'r, the med'cine of the wounded mind,
 From guilt confess'd, the sleep of misery :
 Fast fell the teardrops from the beauteous eye,
 Heav'd the soft breast to pleasure late resign'd,
 And unavailingly recall'd the hour
 When Edgar yet surviv'd, and love was in her pow'r.

XXVI.

‘ Oh ! I have dropp’d my treasure in the stream,
 ‘ Like some poor infant in unconscious play !
 ‘ Gone is my virtuous youth’s unvalued dream,
 ‘ I wake to vain regret’s too tardy day :
 ‘ Wherefore, oh ! wherefore was he torn away,
 ‘ He whose soft counsel could my mind redeem,
 ‘ He who could win my steps from folly’s maze—
 ‘ Oh ! wherefore is it lost, the chance of better days ?’

XXVII.

Thus griev’d the fair—and now a month had flown,
 Though weary was its flight, in tears and sighs :
 Still did the wretched lady dwell alone,
 Still scorn the world’s alluring luxuries :
 When hope is gone, ’tis easy to despise
 The paltry charms we once have wished our own,
 Th’ unreal joys of fashion’s heartless choir,
 The whims of useless wit, and fancy’s dang’rous fire.

XXVIII.

But heavier was the weight of Emma's woe,
For she had lost the fairest knight on earth !
Driv'n by herself to meet the fatal blow
That robb'd the world of his unrivall'd worth :
She wept th' unhappy moment of her birth,
And sought the cave, with measur'd steps and slow,
With folded arms, and deeply thoughtful eye,
Resolv'd to mourn the day where Edgar's ashes lie.

XXIX.

The day was suited to her sad intent;
Thick low'ring clouds the rayless skies o'erspread,
It's fury on the wood the tempest spent,
And trembling birds from crashing thickets fled :
Rough was the lady's path, and o'er her head
The branches show'rd their raindrops, and besprent
Her robes with chilly dew—but on she far'd,
Nor for the lightning's flash, nor bellowing thunder car'd.

XXX.

At length she reach'd the cave—and here, in sight,
 (Heart-breaking sight to her who gave it cause !)
 Lies the rude tombstone of her murder'd knight,
 And this inscriptive verse the shudd'ring fair-one awes—
 ' Ye, who approach these shades, a moment pause !
 ' How pass your lives ? in turbulent delight ?
 ' In folly's eager chace ? return, return,
 ' Nor with unhallow'd touch pollute my lowly urn.

XXXI.

' But if, chastis'd by grief, and pierc'd by shame,
 ' Ye pay the last sad tribute to my tomb ;
 ' If penitential tears your soul reclaim—
 ' Smile through those tears, dispel that pious gloom !
 ' For, know ! a glorious prospect gilds your doom :
 ' Yes, ye shall see recover'd joy and fame,
 ' Far brighter than before your years shall roll,
 ' And unimagi'd blessings sooth your soul.'

XXXII.

' Dead is my soul to rapture,' Emma cries,
 ' Though kindly did he speak, my parting love!
 ' Oh ! well to me th' inspiring verse applies,
 ' But 'tis too late the promis'd joy to prove :
 ' What future hope can Emma's bosom move ?
 ' When cold within the tomb her Edgar lies,
 ' By her unfeeling vanity destroy'd,
 ' Oh ! how shall any peace by Emma be enjoy'd ?

XXXIII.

' Yet far, how far beyond my own design
 ' Did accident impel my guilty way !
 ' Ye, whose light steps to folly's path incline,
 ' Beware how close to infamy ye stray :
 ' If caution's drowsy guards their post betray,
 ' Your feet shall find the snare that lurk'd for mine,
 ' Down the same steep of wretchedness shall fall,
 ' And vainly for the help of banish'd wisdom call.

XXXIV.

' Against the well-known temper of my lord,
 ' Though kind forbearance bound his manly tongue,
 ' Amusements loose, and gaieties abhorr'd,
 ' Fill'd my vain hours : my home with revel rung,
 ' And wanton dames, and gallants blithe and young
 ' Shar'd the luxurious pleasures of my board,
 ' While, proud in conscious virtue, I disdain'd
 ' The fancied rigours of the heart I pain'd.

XXXV.

' And then, oh quick deceitfulness of pride !
 ' He wrongs my innocent and spotless name,
 ' He wrongs a matron's dignity, I cried,
 ' Imagining with patience cold and tame
 ' I will endure these insults to my fame :
 ' No ! he shall cast this sullen gloom aside,
 ' Shall quit this woodland solitude, and strive
 ' By graceful arts to keep my love alive.

XXXVI.

‘ Oh ! prodigal of bliss, that plainly lay
 ‘ Before my easy grasp, my licens’d hand ;
 ‘ How could I throw life’s thornless rose away,
 ‘ Struggling for pow’r’s unauthoriz’d command,
 ‘ For the first rank in fashion’s senseless band,
 ‘ For the unworthy brilliance of a day,
 ‘ Ah ! too forgetful of my earlier love,
 ‘ And our dear wand’rings in this hallow’d grove?

XXXVII.

‘ Edgar, my first, my last, my only care,
 ‘ (Ah ! that thou hadst been only !) couldst thou know
 ‘ That in the secret bosom of thy fair
 ‘ None but thyself e’er rais’d affection’s glow—
 ‘ Perchance it might appease thy ghost below,
 ‘ To learn how deep, how settled the despair
 ‘ That gives thy Emma’s life to ceaseless gloom,
 ‘ To midnight vigils at thy sylvan tomb ! ’

XXXVIII.

Thus, in the cave, the lovely mourner spoke,
 Unconscious of the night's o'erspreading shade—
 Till solemn music on the silence broke,
 And lights, ascending, through the darkness play'd!
 The tombstone slowly rose, and lo! array'd
 In death's pale shroud, as if the dead awoke,
 A ghastly figure issued from the ground,
 And wav'd its mournful arms, majestic, around.

XXXIX.

Deep on its side appear'd the stain of blood,
 The limbs seem'd wasted by some fatal ill;
 But, as the night-wind shook its falling hood,
 The well-known face might be distinguish'd still!
 Heav'n! what intolerable horrors fill
 The breast of wretched Emma, as she stood
 Transfix'd with wild astonishment, and saw—
 (A sight to thrill the stoutest heart with awe)

XL.

Advancing from the tomb with hasty stride,
 Sir Edgar's self!—and 'Oh! look up, my wife,
 'Look up,' the animated figure cried,
 'Behold thy lord restor'd to thee and life!
 'He can no longer brook th' ungenerous strife,
 'Enough, enough, thy fealty has been tried,
 'Enough, I've read the tablet of thy heart,
 'And thus we meet again, oh! never more to part.'

XLI.

Close to his breast he strain'd the doubting fair,
 And hung in transport o'er her varying face;
 Impress'd the glowing kiss of fondness there,
 And swell'd with pride, reviving hope to trace,
 Breathless surprize, and love's deep-blushing grace,
 At once her strengthen'd faith, and joy declare!
 Then, as he gently hush'd her in his arms,
 A flood of grateful tears reliev'd her dread alarms.

XLII.

They paus'd, unutterably sooth'd, awhile,
 And felt the stealing warmth of silent bliss—
 Till good old Conrad with the speaking smile
 Of honest truth, that shar'd their happiness,
 Warn'd them to quit the scene of past distress,
 Eager each sad remembrance to beguile,
 To lead th' exhausted lady to her bow'r,
 And cheer her with the sight of day's returning hour.

XLIII.

For day return'd with such a lovely light
 As never yet had cheer'd sweet Emma's eyes!
 Black was the contrast of the busy night,
 And, like a hideous dream, the painful picture flies.—
 See from yon hill the golden sun arise!
 See Heav'n's blue canopy expanding bright
 O'er the protected earth! and flow'rs and fruits
 Reviv'd, and man awake, amid his subject brutes!

XLIV.

Fast by yon verdant meadow see the bow'r,
'The bow'r she lov'd so much in early years,
'Emma, the sharer of his brightest hour,
'Emma, the solace of his youthful tears !'
There, at her side, that happy lord appears,
Gathers the sweets of many a woodland flow'r,
And tells remember'd tales of tender love,
Tales not unanswer'd by the murmuring grove.

XLV.

O! never did that grove before impart
So fond a feeling to his Emma's breast ;
Nor touch with equal joy his manly heart,
With joy that may be felt, that cannot be exprest.
But still the lady's look her shame confest,
And vainly she forbade the tear to start,
That threw a pensive sadness o'er her charms,
E'en in the kind embrace of Edgar's circling arms !

XLVI.

So soft a languor fill'd her azure eye,
 Despondence seemed to dwell within her mind :
 Like one, who in this vale of misery,
 Ceas'd to pursue the good she fail'd to find ;
 And yet, with sweet complacency, resign'd
 Her earthly hopes—resolv'd in Heav'n to try
 For calmer scenes than boist'rous passions give,
 For scenes where guiltless angels love to live.

XLVII.

Not such was Emma's mind—but reason shook
 At the dark vision of the dreary cave—
 Almost the firmness of its seat forsook,
 As she recall'd, slow-rising from the grave,
 (A figure that would petrify the brave)
 Her lord, imagin'd dead, with hollow look,
 With eyes of glare unspeakable, and brow
 Clad in terrific frowns—oh God ! she saw it now.

XLVIII.

‘ Look up, my love !’ her knight impatient said,
 ‘ Thy own, thy happy Edgar lives for thee !
 ‘ Conrad shall tell the tale, who feign’d me dead,
 ‘ He who partook, explain the mystery—
 ‘ But careless rapture, and unbounded glee,
 ‘ And song shall flow, and garlands crown my head,
 ‘ And I will rise, like morning, from the tomb,
 ‘ To dissipate the clouds of night’s too mournful gloom.’

XLIX.

The board was pil’d with fruits and gen’rous wine,
 And Conrad struck the harp within the wood,
 ‘ And thus!’ he cried, ‘ may beauty still incline
 ‘ To bless the valorous, to reward the good !
 ‘ Thus may intriguing fraud be still withstood,
 ‘ Thus may the wretch, who lays the deep design,
 ‘ Still fall entangled in his self-form’d snares,
 ‘ And rue th’ atrocious villainy he dares !

L.

‘ Frown not, Sir Edgar, for I long have known
 ‘ The false Sir Algernon’s infernal art :
 ‘ In foreign camps, in battles not our own,
 ‘ Thy Conrad has perus’d that traitor’s heart :—
 ‘ Scarce would ye trust the tales I could impart,
 ‘ How he betray’d his country’s injur’d throne,
 ‘ How Britain’s king had lost new-conquer’d land,
 ‘ But for the sudden help of true Sir Edgar’s hand.

LI.

‘ Frown not, Sir Edgar, for thy lady’s face
 ‘ Smiles on old Conrad’s ill-connected tale—
 ‘ But why recount our wars in peaceful place ?
 ‘ In the green bosom of this quiet vale ?
 ‘ Here shall connubial comfort never fail,
 ‘ Here shall unruffled age it’s path retrace,
 ‘ And, breathing freshness in the vernal air,
 ‘ Remember’d pleasure smooth the brow of care.

LII.

' Forgive the talkative delight of age !
 ' I cannot but forget all scenes but this ;
 ' I weep for joy in life's concluding page,
 ' And more than share my lord's ecstatic bliss :
 ' And yet how near ye lost your happiness !
 ' How near ye fell sad victims to the rage
 ' Of plotting Algernon's destructive wiles—
 ' Oh ! I shall cloud with fear your unsuspecting smiles.

LIII.

' One night we sate conversing in the hall,
 ' And weigh'd, as vassals will, the various worth
 ' Of ev'ry knight—and this was stout and tall,
 ' Gen'rous and brave, as any lord on earth;
 ' And that was famous for his noble birth—
 ' But still the praise unanimous of all
 ' Fell on two chiefs I need not blazon here,
 ' One lost in vice, and one to virtue dear.

LIV.

‘ Fierce grew Sir Algernon’s devoted squire,
‘ And rous’d th’ opposing ardour of the throng ;
‘ With prudent skill I hid my bosom’s ire,
‘ And only answer’d by a joyous song :—
‘ The hours in noisy revel roll’d along,
‘ And, as I saw the lessening crowd retire,
‘ I plied the glass, in friendship’s gay pretence,
‘ To win that squire’s unwilling confidence.

LV.

‘ At length he own’d, that on the following day,
‘ When gallant knights contended on the plain,
‘ Sir Algernon prepar’d a deadly fray,
‘ And would not meet his hated foe in vain !
‘ That, conquer’d by the poet’s idle strain,
‘ No longer would he strive in boyish play,
‘ But, under mask of exercise, remove
‘ Th’ offensive barrier that restrain’d his love.

LVI.

‘ That all was hasten’d to Sir Edgar’s ear,
 ‘ That manly valour would not shun the fight,
 ‘ That guardian heav’n foredoom’d reunion here,
 ‘ That victory has crown’d the cause of right,
 ‘ That long thy lord has dwelt in cheerless night
 ‘ I need not tell—nor how his empty bier
 ‘ Was carried to the cave with mimic grief,
 ‘ Nor how my daily cares reliev’d my wounded chief.

LVII.

‘ Less need I tell th’ unwilling aid—but hold !
 ‘ Sir Edgar’s eye forbids me to proceed.’
 Then sternly spoke the knight—‘ Too rash and bold
 ‘ Thy freedom, Conrad—yet the sight indeed
 ‘ Was terrible! my heart must ever bleed,
 ‘ To think it could devote with vengeance cold
 ‘ To such a sight my Emma’s lovely eyes !
 ‘ But hush! my brain grows wild—those madd’ning throbs
 arise.

LVIII.

‘ Thy chief, good Conrad, is supremely blest
 ‘ In such an earnest friend, a wife so true—
 ‘ But how shall he console his Emma’s breast
 ‘ For the deep sighs that seat of sorrow drew?
 ‘ Too well in youth her faithful heart he knew
 ‘ To doubt, to try her thus, to kill her rest,
 ‘ For long, long nights to watch her lonely tears,
 ‘ And drink her widow’d groans with cruel ears.

LIX.

‘ Yes, I have hung, my Emma, o’er thy bed,
 ‘ And heard thy lips pronounce my happy name!
 (‘ My noiseless steps the wary Conrad led,)
 ‘ And oh! too pleas’d to find thy grief the same,
 ‘ Thy generous soul o’erwhelm’d with guilty shame,
 ‘ Thy love still sacred to the senseless dead,
 ‘ After long weeks of solitude—I bore
 ‘ My deathly prison, and thy woes no more.

LX.

‘ Ask you, my Emma, why an imag’d ghost
 ‘ With wild device I shock’d thy gentle sight?
 ‘ Emma! thy tenderness I once have lost—
 ‘ Emma! my purpose was not vain and light—
 ‘ Stern is my mind, perchance, and clouds of night
 ‘ At times my tott’ring reason may have crost—
 ‘ But never wilt thou now the dream forget!
 ‘ Emma, revive! we shall be happy yet!’

LXI.

‘ We shall, my lord! chastis’d by grief and shame,
 ‘ I paid the last sad tribute to thy tomb—
 ‘ Soft penitential tears my soul reclaim,
 ‘ And smiles disperse their salutary gloom!
 ‘ I see a glorious prospect gild my doom,
 ‘ Yes, yes, I feel recover’d joy and fame,
 ‘ Far brighter than before my years shall roll,
 ‘ And unimagin’d blessings sooth my soul.

LXII.

‘ We’ll range together this sequester’d wood,
 ‘ And not an hour shall witness us apart ;
 ‘ Calm, as the current of yon glassy flood,
 ‘ Shall flow th’ obedient feelings of my heart :
 ‘ A long farewell to miserable art !
 ‘ Welcome, thou guardian of the wise and good,
 ‘ Welcome, immortal nature, to my breast,
 ‘ And thus in Edgar’s arms I’ll sink to happy rest !’

LXIII.

The lady spoke—and Edgar’s gladden’d eye
 Beheld her soften’d heart, her charms improv’d ;
 Hail’d the blest work of heav’nly agency,
 The new-born virtue of the fair he lov’d.—
 In one pure course their future moments mov’d,
 Nor wish’d for change but such as books supply ;
 Books, that at home the world’s rude dangers teach,
 As glasses show the shipwreck from the beach,

LXIV.

To quick and ready minds 'twere dull to tell,
 How baffled Algernon's loquacious squire,
 (By whose vain tongue his guilty master fell)
 Confess'd at court that knight's malignant ire;
 And how he long had sought with foul desire
 To win the bride her Edgar lov'd so well—
 'Twere dull to tell the swift-decided cause,
 Or boast my country's safeguard in her laws.

LXV.

My country! glorious was thy old renown,
 When fear-struck France beheld thy Edward reign;
 But, from those ancient days descending down,
 Full gladly would I sing in fervent strain,
 (But that th' aspiring song were pour'd in vain)
 The later honours of Britannia's crown!
 But ah! neglect and penury attend
 The Muse's child, who has no better friend.

LXVI.

Forgive me, gentle Love ! thy soothing smile
In want, in misery attends the Muse ;
Thy sweet communion can her days beguile,
And o'er her couch ethereal dreams diffuse !
Sweet, as the tear that Emma's cheek bedews,
As, sitting by her lord, she feels the while
Divine philosophy's consoling balm,
Remembering stormy seas in safety's harbour calm.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE

CLASSICS.

EXTRACTS FROM TYRTÆUS;

Published in a Periodical Work during the year 1804; as applicable
to the general military spirit then kindled over England.

NE'ER would I praise that man, nor deign to sing,
First in the race, or strongest in the ring;
Not though he boast a ponderous Cyclops' force,
Or rival Boreas in his rapid course;
Not though Aurora might his form adore,
And Cyprus' king, and Crete's to him be poor;

To him though Pelops' birth and power belong,
 And soft Adrastus' all-persuasive tongue :
 Though all were his but godlike valour's boon—
 My Muse is sacred to the brave alone !
 Who can look carnage in the face, and go
 Against the foremost warriors of the foe.

By heaven high courage to mankind was lent,
 Best attribute of youth, best ornament.
 His own alike, his country's good, that man
 Fearless who fights, and ever in the van,
 Who bids his comrades barter useless breath
 For a proud triumph, or still prouder death.
 He is my theme, for only he is brave,
 Who can himself check war's increasing wave,
 Can turn his enemy to flight, and fall
 Beloved, lamented, deified by all.
 His native city, and his native land,
 High in renown, by him exalted, stand;
 Those who inherit, those who found his name,
 Share *his* deserts, and borrow from *his* fame.

He, pierc'd in front^a with many a gaping wound,
 Lies, great and glorious, on the bloody ground;
 From every eye he draws one general tear,
 And his whole country follows to his bier.
 Illustrious youths sigh o'er his early doom,
 And late posterity reveres his tomb!
 Ne'er shall his memorable virtue die,
 Though cold as earth, immortal as the sky;
 He for his country fought, for her expir'd—
 Oh! would all imitate whom all admir'd.

But, if he sleeps not with the mighty dead,
 And living laurels wreath his honour'd head,
 By old, by young ador'd, he gently goes
 Down a smooth pathway to his long repose.
 No wanton hand e'er bids his bosom bleed;
 All are too just, or shame forbids the deed;

^a I have inserted this (not in the original) feebly imitated from the noble description of Sarpedon lying dead in the Iliad. ὁδ' ἐν στήθεσσι φαλίγγι κ. τ. λ.

Unaltering friends still love his hairs of snow,
And rising Elders in his presence bow.

Would ye, like him, the wondering world engage?
Draw your keen blades, and let the battle rage!

*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*

Yes, it is sweet in death's first ranks to fall,
Where our lov'd country's thickening dangers call.
But, driv'n dishonour'd from his happy home,
Fouly who flies, in beggary to roam,
His wife, his infants shrieking in his ears,
His sire with shame abash'd, his mother drown'd in tears,
What indignation at his cowardice
Shall flash upon him from all honest eyes!
How shall he stain, for ever stain his blood,
Rich though it flow, descended from the good.
How shall he brand with infamy his brow,
Fair though it was, 'tis fair no longer now.

An outcast wand'rer through a scoffing world,
 Till to an ignominious tomb he's hurl'd.
 Known to all future ages by his shame,
 A blot eternal in the rolls of fame.

But let us firmly stand, nor ever fly,
 Save all we love, or with our country die ;
 Knit in indissoluble files, a band
 Of brothers fighting for our native land.
 Ne'er let us see the veteran soldier's arm
 Than our's more forward, or his heart more warm ;
 Let us not leave him in the midst of foes,
 Feeble with age, to deal unequal blows ;
 Or in the van lie slain, with blood besmear'd
 His wrinkled forehead, and his snowy beard ;
 Stript of his spoils through many a battle worn,
 And gay assum'd that inauspicious morn,
 Breathing his soul out, bravely, at our feet !—
 Let such a sight our shrinking eyes ne'er meet.

But Oh ! be our's, while thus our pulse beats high,
 Or gory death, or glorious victory !

Be our's, if not an honourable grave,

Smiles of the fair, and friendship of the brave !

The victorious effect of the original of these verses, in the wars of the Lacedæmonians with the Messenians, is a well-known story. Yet the character of Tyrtæus, as a poet, will perhaps be unjustly appreciated by that animation which he imparted to his countrymen. Although the flow of his verse is easy, natural, and spirited, yet there is a scarcity and sameness in his images, a total want of variety, in short, in his illustrations and language, which cannot but impress the reader with an unfavourable notion of his genius. His subject, it may be said, required but little ornament. All he had to do was to excite courage. Yet as the motives of every man are different, the stimulus applied to each should vary. Out of a thousand soldiers, there are not many who love their country for the same reason. Patriotism is the product of countless feelings; and will be nerved to the noblest exertions, when self-love is called in to its assistance.

TRANSLATIONS OF SOME OF THE MINOR POEMS OF STATIUS;

Inserted in a periodical Work during 1804 and 5.

These translations were accompanied by a few remarks from the pen of a learned friend; and by the following general character of the *Sylvæ* in Latin.

Statius, incultis in floribus horrida carpit
Serta, sed incultis floribus hæret odor;
Illi ultro steriles hortis evellere acanthos,
Urticæ implicitam nec laniare rosam,
Ne pudeat, &c. &c.

lines, which alluded to a joint project of translating the *Sylvæ*, formerly entertained by my friend and myself; and which described the extreme inaccuracy and disorder of the manuscript text of this author, ill remedied as it has been by the quackery of Gevartius, or the bold, though regular, medicines of Markland.

This collection of Miscellaneous Compositions, many of them almost extempore, is valuable for the insight which it gives us into the private life and manners of the Romans. Some of the poems, indeed, contain detailed accounts of the conversation, &c. at their parties of

pleasure. Others relate to the family arrangements, births, deaths, and marriages, of the friends of Statius. They have the defects and the excellencies of unpremeditated writings.—They frequently come warm from the heart, although they may as frequently require the colder correction of the head.—But, at all events, they are an unique relic of Roman antiquity in this species of verse. The choice of subjects is often similar to that of Horace in his odes; would that the choice of words were also Horatian, and the *Sylvæ* would be estimable indeed! Yet, immeasurably inferior as these Hexameters are to the Lyric pieces of Horace, surely, in point of expression and melody, they excel his Satires; which he seems to have been contented in filling with maxims of good sense for the conduct of life, and of equally good taste for the conduct of Poetry. Why he should not have been solicitous about the manner in which he conveyed these precepts, is only to be accounted for, on the supposition of carelessness and indolence. He is, indeed, safe from inflated verse, by approaching so closely to prose; but if he thus avoids in his Satires one of the faults of Statius in his *Sylvæ*, he falls short of one of his good qualities, a flowing harmony of versification.—The first of the ensuing translations is upon the death of a favourite dependant of one of the friends of Statius. It shows much tenderness of feeling; although it is occasionally

obscured and debased by the introduction of mythological allusions, as trite and absurd to us, as they were interesting and reasonable to the ancients.



THE SIXTH POEM OF THE SECOND BOOK OF THE SYLVÆ.

COLD is his heart, who bids us duly grieve,
And through our tears relationship perceive.
Deep is the wound the wretched parents feel,
As the black flames around their children steal;
Keen are the pangs that seize the widow'd bride,
Sad as she weeps her husband's bier beside;
Loud strains of woe his frantic sisters pour,
When a lov'd brother greets their eyes no more;
Yet is our loss the weightiest and the worst,
When ties of friendship, not of blood, are burst.
You mourn a slave, my friend, for, grossly blind,
Ill-judging Fortune marr'd his noble mind,
And made him but a slave—yet such his worth,
Such his high soul, above the pride of birth,

Such his firm faith, his long-experienc'd love,
 That who your grateful sorrow shall reprove?
 Check not your tears, for ever let them flow,
 Since thus the gods can sport with human woe!^b
 Ah me! I force your gentle heart to bleed—
 Yes, you have felt, my friend, a loss, indeed,
 He, he is gone, whose uncomplaining brow
 To slavery's duty bent, however low,
 Whose heart enjoin'd him all you wish'd to do,
 Whose only pleasure was obeying you.
 Who would not weep o'er young Pileus' corse?
 When the fierce Parthian mourns his murder'd horse,
 E'en in the battle won! When, deeply mov'd,
 Epirus' sons lament the dog they lov'd;
 When Melior's bird,^c and Sylvia's dying deer
 Are deck'd with flow'rs, are grac'd with sorrow's tear.

Oh he was more than slave, I, I have seen
 His port majestic, his commanding mien,

^b This impiety finds a parallel in Lucan, lib. iv. *Crimen erit Superis*, &c.

^c See the Monody on the death of this parrot in Statius.

The generous freedom of his manly soul,
 Patient of one, and only one control.
 So fair an offspring, with a happier doom,
 Wish the proud dames of Athens and of Rome.
 Not such that hero whom the Cretan maid
 Too fondly guided through the wondrous shade :
 Not such, his fatal bark by Venus led,
 The royal Shepherd stain'd Atrides' bed :

Think not I now a feign'd encomium give ;
 Still in my mind his godlike graces live,
 Such as Achilles' youthful charms excel,
 When driv'n by fate with blushing maids to dwell ;
 Such as surpass that fair unhappy boy,
 Ill-match'd in combat with the scourge of Troy.
 Oh ! none in beauty could his rival be,
 But thou, my friend—he was outshone by thee,
 Far as the moon outshines each lesser light,
 Or meek-ey'd Hesper all the gems of night.
 Not your's the softness of a female face,
 Or looks of languor that the man disgrace ;

Courage and sense your youthful eyes inspire,
 And smiles sedate chastise their manly fire ;
 Fresh on your cheeks the tender down has grown,
 And natural ringlets o'er your neck are strown.
 Such, his proud helm bright-glitt'ring from afar,
 Parthenopæus led the Theban war ;
 Such, the fair bands that fam'd Eurotas bears,
 To Jove at Elis give their growing years.
 But oh ! what language can thy temper paint ?
 E'en Fancy's colours are too dim and faint ;
 Such is your modest mind, your native ease,
 Your sense mature, and manners form'd to please.
 Oft has your slave his willing master led,
 Warm'd with his heart, or counsel'd with his head :
 With you he sorrow'd, and with you he smil'd,
 Shar'd all your pleasures, all your pains beguil'd ;
 Ne'er were his thoughts or countenance his own,
 His look depended on your look alone.
 Not thus his friendship e'en Pirithous prov'd,
 Not thus th' Ammonian youth Orestes lov'd !

Too high examples—not more truly mourn'd
Eumæus' bosom, till his lord return'd.

What God, what dæmon chose so rude a dart,
And bade the cruel weapon wound thy heart?

Oh! how unmov'd my virtuous friend had stood,
Beneath the loss of every other good!

If, in mad ruin, o'er his Locrian plain,

Vesuvius' mouth had pour'd its fiery rain;

Had o'er Polentum burst the torrent's force,

Or fair Lucania's fields;—had Tiber's course,

Spread to the right, laid all his villas low;

Still had he smil'd, still worn a tranquil brow:

Had rich Cyrene mock'd the labourer's toil,

Or richer Crete, or—on whatever soil,

Full-bosom'd wealth is his—but, skill'd in woe,

Some envious pow'r prepar'd the deadly blow,

And wing'd its way. For now the youth began

To tune the numbers that proclaim'd him man;

Rhamnusia listen'd with a gloomy frown,

Saw his ripe age, and mark'd him for her own.

And first she rais'd his tow'ring figure high,
 And shot new radiance from his speaking eye;
 Fir'd all his form, and gave a fatal aid,
 Then rankling view'd the change herself had made;
 Call'd Death and Envy to partake the prey,
 And seiz'd her helpless victim as he lay.

Scarce had Aurora's tears the vale bedew'd,
 When thôu, Piletus, hadst already view'd
 The stern-ey'd guardian of the gloomy shore—
 How did thy master's voice that hour deplore,
 How did he mourn thee like a much-lov'd son,
 How was thy brother's grief by his outdone!
 Yet did no servile flame thy bones consume,
 Sabeian odours burnt around thy tomb,
 And all Cilicia shed a proud perfume.
 The Phoenix' rifled nest adorn'd thy bier,
 Assyrian flow'rs, and many a tender tear.
 My grateful ashes most were pleas'd with these,
 And these forever shall thy ashes please.

Not that their bones were wash'd with Setic wine,
 Not that rich sparkling gems around them shine,
 Delights in Erebus the silent dead—
 But that affection's tears were softly shed!
 Yet if too long the insatiate mourner weep,
 And with loud plaint disturb their peaceful sleep,
 A warning voice will echo from the tomb—
 Such as, e'en now, bids Eloquence resume
 Her ancient task, not impotently grieve,
 But crush the guilty, and the oppress'd relieve.
 Mourn then no more, my friend! your sighs are vain,
 "For violets pluck'd shall never bloom again,"
 Tho' gentlest zephyrs should their tints recall,
 And pitying heav'n weep daily for their fall.
 Fair though he was, and faultless, check your woe:
 The tribute's paid; he rests in peace below.
 Perchance his much-lov'd parents he may meet
 By Lethe's brink; or, in some cool retreat,
 Avernian Naiads may around him sport,
 And Hell's proud mistress his affections court.

Mour'n then no more—the fates may give my friend
 A new Piletus—he himself may send
 A form in pity from th' Elysian grove,
 To stir again your wretched heart to love;
 With every beauty of the gods attir'd,
 With every virtue you in him admir'd,
 May see, unenvying see, your soul grow warm,
 And show, himself, his rival's ev'ry charm.



THE BIRTH-DAY OF LUCAN.

The seventh Poem of the second Book of the *Sylvæ*.

This translation is from the pen of a friend.

It is intentionally free; but attempts to deviate as little as possible from the general spirit of the original.

The mythological allusions, as usual, are the most difficult to render into English, and of the least value when rendered. But they are too prominent a part of all classical compositions to be wholly omitted.

THE birth-day of Lucan, ye poets, revere,
 To whom the sweet streams of Pirene are dear ;
 Who, eager for learning, have quaff'd from the source
 That flow'd from the rock at the stamp of the horse.
 Come, fill up our numbers, and trip it along,
 Ye melodious deities, authors of song !
 Thou first, whom the harp her inventor adored,
 When Mercury's touch the new harmony poured :
 Thou, Bacchus, whose orgies with music combine
 To plunge the mad matrons in phrenzy divine—
 Thee, Pæan, and with thee thy sisters we sue,
 To haste to the feast, and their chaplets renew.

Let your locks on your foreheads more orderly play,
 And deck with fresh ivy your garments to-day.
 Ye rivers of learning, more copiously flow,
 Ye groves of Aonia, more verdantly grow !
 And our rites thro' the boughs should the sun dare invade,
 We'll wreath with our garlands a fanciful shade.
 Prepare our turf altars; a hundred prepare,
 While victims, in number as many, declare

By their whiteness and sleekness, to death as they're led,
That in Dirce they lav'd, on Cithæron they fed.

And ye, to whose influence justly belong
The young hopes of the bard, and the magic of song,
(Since this is your holiday) kindly inspire
The soul which would honour the priest of your choir;
Who, doubtful of pleasing if singly he chose,
His orisons offer'd in verse and in prose.

Too glorious that country I deem, and too blest,
Which skirts the abyss of the uttermost west;
Which hears, down the welkin at eve as he steals,
The dash of Sol's horses, and hiss of his wheels:
Which with Athens, so fruitful in olives, can vie,
Though Pallas herself her own city supply.

Too blest, thou poetical rival of Rome!
Who shall boast of thy Lucan for ages to come,
Though Seneca erst, and sweet Gallio you gave,
We thank thee for Lucan, 'tis Lucan we crave.
Back, back to his sources let Meles recoil,
While Bætis enriches the Corduban soil.

Nor shall Mincio's Naiads, though Virgil they bore,
 Rebuke, my lov'd Boëtis, thy classical shore.

When first to the light sprang the wonderful child,
 In Dirges he cried, and in Epigram smiled :

And, while infantine murmurs his duty exprest,
 Calliope fondled the babe on her breast.

Then first her own Orpheus she ceas'd to deplore,
 And thought of *his* fate, and *his* music no more :

But, hanging transported o'er Lucan, she cried,
 "To you the poetical crown we decide.

"That no bard of antiquity ravish from thee

"The palm of the song, is my sisters' decree.

"But not from their course beasts and rivers shall stray,

"Nor the Getican forests dance after your lay ;

"But you shall draw with you Rome's sev'nfold brow,

"And the Tiber shall murmur wherever you go :

"The knights shall attend you, in learning severe,

"And the senate impurpled shall follow and hear.

"'Tis for others to fable the bulwarks of Troy,

"To besiege them, as Homer ; as Virgil destroy.

Of Ulysses and Jason to prose till we nod,
 (Thus hackneys have plodded, and hackneys will plod.)
 While Latium adopted shall crown you with bays,
 I foresee how your gratitude echoes her praise:
 But first shall you sport in that often-told war,
 And essay your young strength in the conqueror's car;
 The gifts of the suppliant Priam shall tell,
 And bare the terrific arcana of hell,
 When Orpheus descended, and Proserpine smiled,
 And the ghosts led a dance, and their torments beguiled.
 An audience or servile or timorous may sit
 And sing Nero's praise, when constrain'd, from *his* pit.
 Revile thou the wretch, whose tyrannical hand
 Spread flames o'er his city, and deaths o'er his land;
 Then, soft'ning to sweeter effusions of love,
 Bid Polla th' address of her husband approve.

When youth hath excited the tide of your blood,
 You shall sing of Philippi, the grave of the good;
 In thunder thy vigorous Pharsalia shall roll,
 And the praises of Cæsar, th' usurper, control.

Nor hath truth e'er before with such lustre exprest
The sternness of Cato's inflexible breast.

Nor with clamour more heartfelt, with love more devout,
It's Pompey did ever the populace shout.

O'er the crimes of Canopus with pity you'll weep,
And steal the poor trunk from the merciless deep;
Till thy lays and affection have nobly combin'd,
To build it a tomb—the proud tomb of the mind!
Such strains in thy youth shalt thou hurry along,
Ere Virgil attempted to trifle in song.

Be the muse of unseemly old Ennius confest,

Be the wild inspiration Lucretius possest,

Be the verse that led Argonauts over the sea,

Be the magic of Ovid, inferior to thee!

Nay more—while the Romans thy beauties avow,

The bard of Æneas shall modestly bow.

Nor merely, my Lucan, the portion I give

Is poetical honour, forever to live;

But I will bestow each delight on thy life,

And select thee a learned and beautiful wife:

" Such as Juno, and Venus the mild, would present;

" Ennobled by virtue, by form, and descent:

" My sisters the glad hymenæal will throng,

" And myself bless thy threshold with heavenly song.

" Ye Fates, how unjust and how cruel ye prove,

" How envious in seizing whatever we love.

" While, sparing the wretch, ye deny *him* a grave,

" But malignantly mow down the virtuous and brave:

" Why doth glory so early, so youthful, decline,

" Nor grandeur in age, in eternity shine!

" Thus the Thunderer's son, whose astonishing birth,

" Whose death, mark'd by prodigies, frighten'd the earth,

" Impatient no more of the world's narrow bound,

" Lies at rest in six feet of barbarian ground!

" So when dastardly Paris Achilles had slain,

" His mother lamented his prowess in vain:

" Thus I, when his murder on Hebrus I view'd,

" The head of my Orpheus, still plaintive, pursued:

" Nor thou from the fate of the noble art free,

" (The crime be to Nero, the pity to thee!)

" But, o'er Lethe's dull fountain commanded to speed,
 " While the battle, still living, resounds from thy reed,
 " While thou joyest to solace the patriot dead,
 " Thou shalt feel thy tongue torpid and harmony fled."

Thus sorrow'd the Muse—and, on ceasing to speak,
 Lightly wip'd with her lyre the full tear from her cheek.
 But you—whether Fame her young vot'ry hath giv'n
 The reins of her car in the uppermost heav'n,
 Whence securely you smile on us triflers below,
 Your funeral pomp, and the mummary of woe—
 Or in groves of Elysium eternally rest,
 'Mid Asphodel bow'rs, and the shades of the blest,
 Where the dead of Pharsalia collect in a ring,
 And Cato and Pompey attend as you sing,
 Where, though distant, thy spirit may start at the yell
 Of tyrants blaspheming who wallow in hell,
 Where Nero in flames unextinguish'd is tost,
 And in vain would escape from his mother's pale ghost—
 Approach—Polla claims thee! thy glory display;
 The gods of the grave will allow thee one day.

Not in vain their black threshold the suppliant has tried;
 They have let the dead husband return to his bride.
 Thine, nor impious hath handled the Bacchanal's rod,
 Nor dress'd up thy statue in garb of a God.
 But guileless, untaught to dissemble her part,
 Thy widow still cherishes thee in her heart.
 Ah! vain is the solace thy image supplies,
 Thy image can please not her heart—but her eyes.
 When vanish'd at morning it leaves her to weep,
 And flits from her couch in the mockery of sleep.

Avaunt, ye dark dreams! 'tis but semblance of death,
 New life hath sprung forth, and a heavenly breath.
 'Tis the life of the blest in the realms of the good,
 A purer, a better, and ever renewed.
 Let anguish be silent, and tears, if at all
 A tear must still flow, thro' felicity fall:
 Be our sorrow or gentle, or be it no more,
 May we now, what we lately lamented, adore.

Subjoined to this version, was a quotation of four lines from Martial, upon the same subject, the Birth-Day of Lucan. These united tributes of praise show in what esteem this poet was held by his immediate successors. The expressions of Statius—

Quin majus loquor—ipsa te Latinis
Æneis venerabitur canentem:

Nay more! while the Romans thy beauties avow,
The bard of Æneas shall modestly bow:

are indeed no proof of his correct taste; a quality in which he must be confest to fail. Martial speaks more moderately of Lucan; and yet highly reveres his nativity.

Hæc est illa dies, quæ magni conscia partûs
Lucanum populis, et tibi, Polla, dedit.
Heu! Nero crudelis! nullâque inuisior umbrâ,
Debit hoc saltem non licuisse tibi.

This short effusion was addressed to Polla Argentaria, the wife of Lucan, so respectfully mentioned in the poem above. I am answerable for the translation below—

This day was conscious of a godlike birth,
And gave thy Lucan, Polla, to the earth.
Here, Nero, here, should Heav'n have check'd thy rage,
And spar'd at least this glory of our age.

In the *Sylvæ*, there are a few poems in Lyrical metre. The following epistle, from Statius to his friend Maximus, seems to have been written as a sort of relaxation during his severer Epic labours; compositions upon which he certainly bestowed much care and attention, as he testifies in many passages of his minor works. The Sapphics, here translated by the same hand as the foregoing Hendecasyllables, are evidently a quick and careless performance. But they contain several spirited stanzas, and did not upon the whole appear unworthy of imitation in another language.

My Epic Muse, no longer stray

'Mid slaughters' gory plains;

Relax thy furious soul to-day,

And deign awhile in lighter play

To sport with lyric strains.

Thou, Pindar, mighty bard, inspire

My verse, and kind invite

My fingers to thy sacred lyre—

If, high among the Latian choir,

I sang thy Thebes aright.

To Maximus the lessen'd song,

The gentler lay is due—
 To me, the wand'ring streams among,
 The myrtle's unshorn buds belong,
 To wreath my crown anew.
 Thee much too long from friendship's sight
 Dalmatian hills withhold;
 Where miners plunge 'mid realms of night,
 And spy grim Pluto with affright,
 Pale as the uprooted gold.
 But me nor neighb'ring Baiæ's shore
 Allures to soft delay,
 (Where winds and waves forget to roar)
 Nor where Misenus' mountain hoar
 O'erlooks the wat'ry way.
 The torpid muse despairs to sing
 While thou art distant far:
 In vain I call on Thymbra's king,
 In vain my spirit strives to bring
^a Achilles to the war.

^a It is much to be regretted that the Achilleid is an unfinished poem.

'Twas you that bade my Thebais live,

Who taught me how to blot;

The just corrections how to give,

That I, with Virgil, might survive

The span of human lot.

Yet still we pardon your delay,

Attendant on your Son,

Who now have giv'n (O happy day!)

Another Maximus, to say

“This race shall always run!”

The want of children who can bear,

And solace of a wife?

Round such a friend, th' impatient heir

Solicits all the gods by pray'r

To take the dotard's life.

And when the bachelor shall die

No grief shall deck his tomb:

But grinning Avarice sit by,

And grudge the flames, which mounting high

His melting bones consume.

Long may thy noble infant spend

The life thyself hast past :

Mayst thou in him thyself commend,

And trace, where in our youthful friend

His grandsire's virtues last.

Thy lisping babe may early pore

O'er deeds thyself hast done :

How erst, on hot Orontes' shore,

Th' equestrian standard high you bore

Amid the battle won :

May know, how erst his grandsire far

'Mid Cæsar's thunder soar'd ;

How Sarmatæ in deep despair

Renounc'd their desultory war,

And own'd a Roman lord.

But first thy infant son engage

In thy historic lore ;

That, measuring back the world's long age,

Through Sallust's, and through Livy's page,

Thy fame he may restore.



The fourth Poem of the fifth Book of the *Sylvæ*, is a short Address to Sleep. My translation of it was published in the notes to Juvenal; accompanied by many other versions of detached passages from the Classics. These I was requested by my friends to republish in my last miscellany; and, being now assured that such a measure would be perfectly unobjectionable, I have admitted some of them into different parts of the present collection, with omissions and alterations.

How have I wrong'd thee, Sleep, thou gentlest pow'r
 Of Heav'n? that I alone, at this dread hour,
 Still from thy soft embraces am repress,
 Nor drink oblivion on thy balmy breast?
 Now every flock, and every field is thine,
 And seeming slumbers bend the mountain pine.
 Hush'd is the tempest's howl, the torrent's roar,
 And the smooth wave lies pillow'd on the shore.
 But sev'n sad moons have seen this faded cheek,
 And eyes too plainly that their vigils speak:
 Aurora hears my plaint at her return,
 And sheds her pitying dew-drops as I mourn.

And now, some happy, some enraptur'd boy,
 In the full pride of his permitted joy,
 Claspings the fair, all blushes, to his breast,
 Calls thee not, Sleep, nor courts thy worthless rest.
 Come thence to me—yet shed not here thy whole
 Ambrosial influence o'er the wretched soul,
 To that let happier, easier hearts presume—
 Touch *me*, more lightly, with thy passing plume!



THE CONTENTED OLD MAN.

FROM CLAUDIAN.

HAPPY his life, who never past the bounds,
 In youth or age, of his paternal grounds!
 Whom the same house on crutches sees, before
 That saw him crawling on his native floor.
 Whose early cradle, and whose easy chair,
 By one fire-side have kept him free from care.

Not him has fortune in her varied strife
 Dragg'd through the tumults of a public life.
 He ne'er has lov'd o'er barbarous realms to roam,
 Nor left the quiet habitudes of home.
 Not his the merchant's, nor the soldier's fears,
 Nor storms, nor wars, nor law-suits reach his ears.
 Unskill'd in business, and the clam'rous town,
 Freely he breathes, and feels his soul his own;
 Counts by his following crops his years increas'd,
 But knows no Consul, living or deceas'd.
 His marks of time both use and beauty bring,
 His fruits are Autumn, and his flow'rs are Spring.
 If the sun lights, or darkness shades the plain,
 Still his horizon is his own domain.
 Yon giant oak he knew with scarce a limb,
 And the whole forest has grown old with him.
 Unknown to him as India's distant skies,
 His own Verona's neighb'ring tow'rs arise;
 Unknown to him as Erythræan floods,
 Thy lake, Benacus, cools his native woods.

Firm is his strength, unconquer'd yet, tho' now
 Three generations to their founder bow.
 Let others search the farthest East or West—
 They may *see* life—*enjoying* it is best.

The subjoined Parody of this Poem belongs to a Friend.

ELEGY ON A SENIOR FELLOW OF A COLLEGE.

Happy the Fellow, who in College pale,
 Where once a boy he enter'd, lingers yet,
 Quaffs the same muzzy ^a size of gratis ale,
 And sets the ^b punishments himself was set.

^a Size is a word used in colleges, to signify a certain quantity of beer or bread.

^b Punishments or impositions, are words implying college exercises, affixed as penalties to offences.

The gifts of Fortune he nor knew nor sought,
 With dividends and quarterage content;
 To wicked Fashion he ne'er gave a thought,
 Nor e'er to Bath, or foreign Brighton went.

No tar—yet, oft, when smit with love of beer,
 In boat to ^a Chesterton he takes his way;
 No soldier he—no trumpets shake his ear,
 Safe from the enlisting fangs of ^b Castlereagh.

He knows no lawyers—save a letter once
 When student reach'd him from attorney's hand—
 No gorgeous suits wears he; but on his scone
 Sits a square cap, and on his neck a band.

^a Chesterton is a village of idle resort near Cambridge.

^b Castlereagh—this noble lord is here allowed more mercy than he possesses. His last most martial act of parliament does include members of colleges. As inapplicable, therefore, I exclude from the text another stanza of my friend's—which, however, seems to merit preservation——

He ne'er snuff'd up the smoke of London air,
 (Sad place, I ween, for academic gown!)
 Yet was his will unsign'd, nor could he dare
 To venture, all intestate, up to town.

Yet oft, full two mile out, with line and hook
 By Cam's low bank the patient angler goes;
 But once, ah me! himself for fish mistook,
 And ran the barbed weapon thro' his nose.

By terms he reckons up the rolling year,
 Who ne'er in hard addition could succeed—
 The Seasons—Autumn, by his bottled beer,
 The Spring, by ^aTriposses he cannot read.

Since too incongruous had an object seem'd,
 With epaulets and band alternate spruce,
 Our acts of parliament have wisely deem'd
 The man of college not a man of use.

^a Triposses, are copies of Latin verses, made at the season of the year above-mentioned.

He thinks the Sun on ^a Gogmagog doth rise,
 And set on ^b hungry Hardwick's spire at eve—
 "For (saith the good man) if I trust my eyes,
 "His beams salute us here, and there they leave."

The stars of topaz bright, the moon of cheese,
 Since sight is faith, our sapient Herschel proves—
 He knows who planted first yon willow trees,
 And walks, like Adam, 'mid coeval groves.

As far to him as Litchfield's mitred land,
 The distant tow'rs of Huntingdon appear;
 Far as the Humber Soham's wat'ry strand,
 And Whittlesea as far as Windermere.

But, though confin'd, if Scandal aught can prove
 To fix a stigma on his earlier life,
 His passions once impell'd to feats of love,
 And gave him five small chicks, without a wife.

^a Gogmagog is the name of the hills near Cambridge.

^b Hungry Hardwick, the cant name of a Cambridgeshire village.

Let others brave the brooding storm of war,

Let others delve the mine, or track the deep:

Save in his nose, he never felt a scar,

But snores for ever in lethargic sleep.



SHORT EXTRACTS FROM PETRONIUS.

^aTHE generally admitted elegance of the style of Petronius, is in several parts of his satirical olio uncontaminated by the indecency of his subject; and, even in his love-stories, he can sometimes express himself with all the delicacy of genuine passion. The little pieces of poetry, which he intersperses among his remarks, and sometimes subjoins to his narrations, often misplaced, and unconnected as they are with the sentiments or action which precede them, as well as mutilated in themselves, never fail to fix attention by the liveliness and justness of his thoughts,

^a As I have elsewhere ventured to assert, the elegance of Petronius, as a Latin prose author, has been too generally admitted. Yet his verse must be allowed to excel in happiness of expression.

and by the remarkable charms of that power of language so appropriately called *Pura Impuritas*. No translation can exhibit his beauties; they are natural to a Roman dress; and concealed, if clothed in any other. The peculiar idiom of the Latin tongue is in no other author so obstinately unwilling to be overcome by the English imitator. If we can hit the exact phrase in one instance, there immediately succeeds some new difficulty totally repugnant to the coarser genius of our language. *Vile est, quod licet*, insists Petronius; and the very ease with which we can render this passage into English establishes the truth of the remark, for we do not care to do it; but what follows: *animus errore lentus injurias diligit*^a—while it excites our emulation, proves our inability to find exactly corresponding terms to do it justice. The verses which he adds, illustrative of his observation, I have endeavoured to translate; to little purpose, perhaps, except to show the copiousness and variety of the stores of fancy, that, on the most trifling subjects, could be called forth from the mind of the Roman *Arbiter Elegantiarum*.

^a See Burman's Petronius, for the various readings of this passage. Perhaps *tortus* may be the word. See also the very apposite passage, in Ovid's Art of Love. *Quoslibet extinctos Injuria suscitât ignes*—and many other parallel passages in Martial, Ausonius, &c.

THE birds from Colchian rivers brought,
 The birds in Lybian desarts sought,
 Not cheaply ours, nor gain'd with ease,
 Our vitiated palates please.
 But the soft gosling's silvery white—
 The duck's gay plumage painted bright—
 Hence with the vile plebeian treat,
 Fit only for our slaves to eat!

Drawn to blest Latium from afar,
^aIn solemn pomp arrives the char!
 The dangerous Syrtes yield at least,
 Our shipwreck'd Epicures a feast.
 Cheap blessings meet contempt—the bride
 Beholds a mistress at her side
 Above herself—the rose retreats,
 Expell'd by India's spicy sweets—
 Whate'er by wanton search we find
 Seems best to man's capricious mind.

^a This cannot fail to remind us of Domitian's Turbot, in the 4th Satire of Juvenal.

I have alluded to the delicacy of which Petronius is capable even in descriptions of the softest nature.

FLOW'RS, fair as those that Ida's hill o'erspread,
 When blushing Juno prest the mossy bed,
 Where, rob'd by Beauty's queen in softer charms,
 She clasp'd the glowing Thunderer in her arms,
 Where azure hare-bells, and musk-roses bloomed,
 And lurking violets the breeze perfum'd,
 Blue, white, and red, diversified the green,
 And modest lilies smiled upon the scene,
 Such were the flow'rs, that deck'd that lonely grove,
 Where Circe bound ^{with} me the chains of love,
 So soft the bank, so fragrant, and so fair,
 Where our fond sighs increas'd the gentle air.

TRANSLATIONS FROM CLAUDIAN, LUCRE-
TIUS, HORACE, MARTIAL, &c.

IN the opening of his poem upon Rufinus, Claudian has a noble passage, in which he describes the uncertainty of his religious belief; and furnishes a striking argument for the necessity of a divine revelation. His unassisted reason can discover but an insecure foundation for his faith.

OFt have I doubted in my wond'ring mind

Whether the gods take heed of human kind,

Or whether all floats on without a plan,

And no presiding spirit governs man.

For when I view'd the laws that rule the sphere,

The bounded ocean, and revolving year,

The change from night to day—this mighty whole

Seem'd God's creation under God's control.

He bade the lights of heaven by turns be born,

And varying Time the fruitful earth adorn;

He fill'd the fickle moon with borrow'd rays,

And lent the sun his own diviner blaze;

Around the rocks the rolling waters hurl'd,
 And in the centre hung the balanc'd world.
 But when I turn'd to human life again,
 And saw the clouds that wrapp'd th' affairs of men,
 Beheld the bad with joyous fortune blest,
 Beheld the good with heavy wrong oppress,
 Again the fabric totter'd in my mind,
 And giddy faith no resting place could find.
 Again of atoms, that their forms retrace,
 In kindred concourse through unbounded space,
 Again of chance unwillingly I rave,
 Nor fear an airy world beyond the grave.
 "The Gods are visions! or, if Gods at all,
 "Heed not the course of this terrestrial ball."

Rufinus' punishment dissolv'd at length
 This tumult wild of intellectual strength;
 Absolv'd the reign of Providence, and show'd
 Success but transient in the guilty road.
 Fame's loftiest point resplendent villains gain,
 With heavier crash to thunder on the plain.

JUVENAL, in the tenth Satire, has the same thought:

WITH boundless avarice and ambition fir'd,
 Sejanus knew not what his pray'rs requir'd;
 Nor that the aim of his imperial pow'r,
 Was but to build an elevated tow'r,
 Whose very height would aggravate it's fall,
 And one wide-spreading ruin bury all.



TRANSLATION FROM LUCRETIVS.

Book the fifth, line 1217.

THE first eight lines of this extract were inserted in the notes to the thirteenth Satire of Juvenal, as an illustration of the power of conscience. The lines of Horace—

Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem Regnare—

and the saying of Voltaire,

La crainte fait le Dieu—

(differently interpreted) are also in point.—And, as a

proof of the excellence of a poem which some ignorant critics pretended to condemn without quotation, I shall immediately afterwards quote my friend's version of the passage upon the same subject in Juvenal.

AND oh! how deep our shudd'ring spirits feel;
 A dread of heav'n through ev'ry member steal,
 When the strong lightning strikes the blasted ground,
 And thunder rolls the murm'ring clouds around.
 Shake not the nations? and the monarch's nod,
 Bows it not low before the present God;
 Lest for foul deeds, or haughty words, be sent
 His hurried hour of awful punishment?

So when the rushing storm has burst it's chain,
 And sweeps in lawless fury o'er the main,
 Bearing some conqueror's fleet to realms afar,
 With his brave troops, and all the pomp of war,
 Does he not then in eager terror crave
 Peace from the wind, and pardon from the wave?
 Does he not then confess the God he dreads?
 In vain!—the tempest darkens o'er their heads,

The scatter'd wrecks are whirl'd and dash'd around,
 And unavailing pray'rs from dying hosts resound.
 Some secret force o'erturns the bravest plan,
 The pride, the glory, and the strength of man!
 Laughs him to scorn, with all his pow'r display'd,
 And tramples on the work itself has made.
 So when wide earthquakes rock the crazy ball,
 And tott'ring cities threat a doubtful fall,
 Man's empty boldness well may pass away,
 And mortal things despise their own decay.
 The pow'r and presence of the Godhead know,
 And see the hand that governs all below.

JUVENAL.

At night, should care permit the wretch to dose,
 And his toss'd limbs enjoy a short repose,
 Sudden the violated fane appears,
 And you, chief phantom of his nightly fears—
 Your frowns terrific, and reproachful eyes,
 Your shadowy form of more than mortal size,

Make the big drops from all his body start,
 And wring confession from his lab'ring heart.
 These are the souls who shrink with pale affright,
 When harmless lightnings purge the sultry night;
 Who faint, when hollow rumblings from afar
 Foretel the wrath of elemental war;
 Nor deem it chance nor wind that caus'd the din,
 But Jove himself in arms to punish sin.
 That bolt was innocent—that storm has pass'd—
 More loud, more fatal, each succeeding blast—
 Deceitful calms but nurse combustion dire,
 And tranquil skies are fraught with embryo fire.

MR. B. DRURY.



UPON THE DEATH OF PÆTUS AND ARRIA.

FROM MARTIAL.

WHEN from her breast fair Arria drew the sword,
 And held it, reeking, to her much-lov'd lord;

“Pætus,” she cried, “no pain oppresses me ;
 “My wound is nothing—but I feel for thee.”



UPON THE DEATH OF PORTIA.

FROM THE SAME.

WHEN Portia heard how godlike Brutus died,
 And sought the steel by trembling slaves denied ;
 “ Know ye not yet,” she murmur’d, “ that the brave
 “ Can burst all barriers to their glorious grave ?
 “ This awful truth from Cato’s fun’ral bed,
 “ Ye might have learnt ;” the dauntless heroine said ;
 Swift down her throat the burning ashes pour’d,
 And cried, “ Ye dastards ! now refuse the sword.”



UPON DINNER HUNTERS.


FROM THE SAME.

WHEN from the baths, or hot, or cold, you come,
The kind Menogenes attends you home :
When at the courts you ply the healthy ball,
He picks it up adroitly, should it fall ;
Though wash'd, though drest, he follows where it flies,
Recovers and returns the dusty prize,
And overwhelms you with civilities.
Call for your towel, and, though more defiled
Than the foul linen of a sickly child ;
He'll swear 'tis whiter than the driven snow—
Comb your lank hair across your wrinkled brow,
And with a tone of ecstasy, he'll swear,
Achilles had not such a head of hair.
Himself will bring the vomit to your hand,
And wipe the drops that on your forehead stand ;
Praise and admire you, till, fatigued, you say,
“ Do, my good friend, do dine with me to-day.”

ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

FROM OVID.

NOR were my limbs for hardy toil design'd,
 Nor for grave cares my unambitious mind.
 The love of song o'er all my bosom stole,
 And bow'rs and shady woodlands charm'd my soul.
 I lov'd the rival poets of the time,
 And saw a god in ev'ry son of rhyme.
 To me Propertius sang his am'rous strain,
 And found relief in friendship from the pain;
 The old, the young, their various vigour pour'd,
 Bright constellations of our social board—
 While tuneful Horace, with superior fire,
 Struck notes celestial from the Roman lyre.
 While tender Maro—ah! ye envious skies,
 How soon was Maro ravish'd from our eyes!
 Nor did black death, Tibullus, grant to thee,
 Congenial joys in our society.



FROM MARTIAL.

QUINCTILIAN, teacher of the youthful town,
 Quinctilian, glory of the Roman gown—
 Forgive your friend, who hurries to be free,
 And casts his chains in strength and poverty!
 Procrastination is the curse of man—
 We will not live the little life we can.
 Delay, ye misers, who aspire for more
 Than swell'd your fathers' bursting chests of yore;
 Delay, ye haughty peers, whose spacious halls
 Show ancient pictures on their crowded walls,
 The rural hearth and smoke-stain'd roof for me,
 The living stream, the grass-grown shrubbery:
 Nights blest with sleep, days free from legal strife,
 No meagre slaves, and no blue-stockings wife.

FROM THE SAME.

PHILOENIS, older than the Pylian sage,
 Must you, so soon, the Stygian waters view?
 You had not yet attain'd the Sybil's age,
 For she was older by three months than you.
 Oh! what a tongue is mute! nor Egypt's crow'd,
 No nor a thousand slave-shops bawl'd as loud—
 Less at the dawn of day the school-boys roar,
 Or cranes wild shrieking from the Thracian shore.



ON SCHOOL-MASTERS.

FROM THE SAME.

THOU wicked master of a noisy school,
 Hated by every male and female fool,
 At thy loud voice and lash the streets awake,
 Ere yet the crested cocks their silence break,

With such a sound the thund'ring echoes pass,
 When the stout artist beats the pliant brass :
 And bids the lawyer's form, in gallant pride,
 On his stiff horse ridiculously ride.
 A fainter clamour shakes th' applauding stage,
 When fav'rite fencers on the sand engage.
 A little sleep your neighbours would delight,
 But who can brook disturbance through the night?
 Pack off your pupils, and we'll give you all
 To hold your tongue, for which you now can bawl.



FROM HORACE.

I HATE the pomp that Persia shows,
 And garlands of the linden made;
 Seek not for me the curious rose,
 With bloom in Winter's lap display'd.

Boy, let the myrtle be thy care,
 And simply deck thy brows and mine;
 The myrtle only will I wear,
 Drinking beneath the shady vine.

FROM MARTIAL.

THE sources of a happy life,
 Dear friend, are these alone—
 A purse not fill'd by busy strife,
 But made by will our own.
 A pleasant farm, a cheerful fire,
 A soul unruffled by desire;
 No lawsuits of the noisy town,
 No painful duties of the gown;
 Pure, vig'rous health, associates free,
 Endear'd by sweet equality;
 No rules of ceremonious art,
 But manners flowing from the heart;

A plain, yet hospitable board,
 And bumpers, temperately pour'd—
 A careless night, a joyous bed,
 By modest love with roses spread;
 Slumbers, that make the darkness fly,
 Content, that never breathes a sigh,
 And not a fear nor wish to die.^a

FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

DIM grow the planets, when the God of day
 Rolls his swift chariot through the heav'nly way;
 The moon's immortal round, no longer bright,
 Shrinks in pale terror from the glorious light,
 Thus all eclips'd by Homer's wond'rous blaze,
 The crowd of poets hide their lessen'd rays.

^a I cannot avoid taking this opportunity to observe, that few imitators of Martial have expressed his meaning with more spirit and elegance than Mr. Coxe, in his Miscellaneous Poems.

FROM MARTIAL.

IF, my dear Martial, fate allow'd
A safe retreat from folly's crowd ;
If, far, from care and busy strife,
Together we could lead our life—
True happiness we would not rate
By frequent visits to the great ;
Nor hear the wrangling lawyer bawl,
Nor range proud statues round our hall :
Our chairs should take us to the play,
The walks, the baths, should wile the day,
The field, the porch, the tennis-court,
And study interchang'd with sport.
But how unlike our real fate,
Is this imaginary state !
We live not for ourselves—alas !
Youth's joyous suns neglected pass,

Change into night, and never more

Return to bless us as before.

Oh! who that held enjoyment's pow'r,

Would waste in pain one precious hour?



FROM PERSIUS.

WHEN first I enter'd on the joyous town,

And chang'd with beating heart the purple gown;

When at my guardian pow'r's domestic shrine

I hung the childish gold, no longer mine;

When youth's white garment gave my eyes to stray,

All unprov'd, o'er pleasure's flow'ry way;

When flatt'ring friends, in whose gay band was shown

The same wild fondness for a world unknown,

The doubtful path of life together tried,

And oft to branching folly turn'd aside—

Then did your guardian hand my course arrest,

And shield my tender years on Wisdom's breast;

Then with soft force, with innocent deceit,
 Your virtuous rule restrain'd my wand'ring feet.
 My mind with gentle reason was imbued,
 And, won by love, I strove to be subdued;^a
 Copied the form your faultless pencil drew,
 And caught a faint similitude from you.
 With you conversing, through the summer day,
 How did the hours glide undiscern'd away!
 And still, at peaceful night's approaching shade,
 Our frugal supper was together laid.
 There, modest mirth reliev'd our studies done,
 And all our joys, and all our cares were one.



FROM CALLIMACHUS.

I HEARD thy fate, Athenio, not unmov'd—

A bitter tear my recollection prov'd,

^a I can safely declare this coincidence with Brewster to have been involuntary:—though I would, indeed, be often like him, were it in my power.

How oft, conversing with my parted friend,
 I scarce have seen the summer sun descend !
 And thou, dear guest, cold ashes art become,
 In an unknown, a last, eternal home.
 But, like sad Philomel's, thy tuneful breath
 Survives, triumphant o'er the spoiler death.



FROM CATULLUS.

O'ER many a realm, o'er many an ocean tost,
 I come, my brother, to salute thy ghost !
 Thus, on thy tomb, sad honour to bestow,
 And vainly call the silent dust below.
 Thou too art gone, e'en thee I must resign,
 My more than brother—ah ! no longer mine.
 The fun'ral rites to ancient Romans paid
 Duly I pay to thy lamented shade.
 Take them—these tears their heart-felt homage tell,
 And now—all hail for ever, and farewell!



THE CONTEST OF THE MINSTREL AND NIGHTINGALE.

FROM STRADA.

The following translation is the work of a youthful acquaintance of mine, written many years ago. If he should see it published here, I trust he will be more pleased than offended at its unwarranted insertion in these miscellanies; and at the slight alterations which I have ventured to make in his original copy.

Now sank the sun from his meridian way;
His golden tresses stream'd a milder day:
When, by old Tiber's bank, a woodland scene,
Where hoary oaks diffus'd their darksome green,
The cool retreat a pensive minstrel sought,
And with his lute consol'd unhappy thought.
Here Philomel, sad inmate of the shade,
The muse, the syren of her native glade,
(Sweet harmless syren !) tempted by the sound,
Swift from the neighb'ring grove the minstrel found.

High o'er his head, amid the leafy bow'r,
 Unseen she tries her imitative pow'r;
 And, as his hands the varied numbers move,
 The warbled echo follows from above.

Her mimic strain the list'ning minstrel heard,
 Resolv'd to gratify th' ambitious bird :
 And first, th' approaching contest to provoke,
 He darts, with boldest hand, a rapid stroke ;
 Sweeps with the lightning's speed the full-voic'd lyre,
 And wakes the prelude with a master's fire !
 —Nor with less speed the tuneful bird displays
 A lively promise of her future lays :
 A thousand varying tones she pours around,
 And strays through all the labyrinths of sound.
 Now, as in scorn, his hand the minstrel flings,
 A lengthen'd murmur shakes the trembling strings :
 Now clear and equal flows th' united strain,
 And swells in simple grandeur o'er the plain :
 Now with quick glance his twinkling fingers spring—
 Loud and distinct the wires rebounding ring :

Now o'er them all a hasty stroke he draws,
 And ceas'd—sweet Philomel takes up the pause—
 The strain she echoes with responsive lays,
 And all his art with equal art repays.

Rude and uncertain now her numbers seem'd,
 And in one tone the tedious music stream'd;
 While, as it stream'd, her heaving breast supplied
 A liquid passage to the gliding tide.

Now, lost in dying falls, the shorten'd lay
 In wild capricious warblings breaks away;
 Then, shifting quick through many a melting note,
 The strain re-echoes from her trembling throat.

Surpriz'd, the minstrel hears her murmurs fall,
 So sweet, so various, from a pipe so small.

Now bolder flights his daring hand pursues,
 And in more arduous change the strife renews:
 Or strikes the piercing string, or lifts the strong,
 And stirs the lurking energy of song.

The quiv'ring wires, obedient to his will,
 Now sharply vibrate, now profoundly thrill.

—Then to loud martial melody he past,
 Hoarse, like the trumpet, bursts th' infracted blast,
 And rises high, in clear sonorous strains,
 To rouse the warrior, on th' embattled plains !
 E'en this his rival sang—now, keen and shrill,
 The piercing music shakes her little bill—
 Sudden, her deep distressful notes complain,
 Her throat thick warbling trills a gutt'ral strain :
 Now harsh, now smooth, th' alternate numbers rise,
 As when the warlike trumpet rends the skies.

But in the minstrel's look resentment glows,
 And angry blushes on his cheek arose.
 " Once more," he cries, " proud songstress of the grove !
 " Once more, my hand its tuneful pow'r shall prove :
 " And, if thy voice the conquest can dispute,
 " I yield me vanquish'd, and destroy my lute."

Now, in a strain that rival skill defies,
 Th' exulting concert echoes to the skies ;
 His lab'ring hand, throughout th' unbounded lyre,
 Wakes into life and sound each slumb'ring wire !

And, as the varied numbers mingling roll,
 Pervades at once the complicated whole.
 He mounts, he swells—with rising pomp he flows,
 And all the chorus fills the thund'ring close.
 He ceas'd his hand—and list'ning, waits to try
 If now his rival dare attempt reply.
 She—though the toilsome and repeated song,
 Had parch'd her throat, and furr'd her tuneful tongue,
 Yet, stung by shame, to yield the prize disdains—
 In one last effort all her force she strains.
 But while, beyond their pow'r, she strives to raise
 The simple sweetness of her native lays;
 Proud to the lofty concert to aspire,
 That burst, at once, from all th' immortal lyre;
 To swell, from organs delicately small,
 Sounds that the choral thunder might recall;
 Unequal to the task, her tender frame,
 Unequal to her daring, and her shame,
 At once arrested mid the tuneful strife,
 And robb'd of strength, of melody, and life,

Drops on the victor's lyre: there, dying, gains
 A tomb, well worthy of her glorious strains.
 E'en in such little breasts so fiercely blaze
 The love of conquest and the thirst for praise.



THE CONCLUSION OF THE LIFE OF AGRICOLA, PARAPHRASED.

FROM TACITUS.

IF to the pious dead some place be giv'n,
 Some sacred mansion, some allotted heav'n,
 If after death, as ancient sages say,
 Th' exalted soul survives its mould'ring clay;
 There, may'st thou rest in peace! and thence, bestow
 A glance of pity on thy race below!
 Bid them, to meditate thy virtues, rise
 From weak regret, from female tears and sighs.
 Thou shalt their grief to admiration turn—
 For thee 'tis impious to lament or mourn.

Oh! if their nature grants that inborn fire,

Still let them strive to imitate their sire :

And thus let all, who living held him dear,

His mem'ry honour, and his shade revere.

Thus be his daughter's piety approv'd,

Thus let his widow show how well she lov'd!

And, calling back his deeds, his thoughts refin'd,

Wear in her breast the picture of his mind.

Let mimic art her busts and statues raise ;

And praise is theirs—but far inferior praise—

In stone, or brass, the sculptor's hand may trace

A transient image of a transient face ;

But where shall all the pow'rs of mortal art

Impress the likeness of th' immortal part ?

For this no foreign substitute we find ;

'Tis mind alone can e'er resemble mind.

But all that in Agricola we lov'd,

Whate'er we honour'd, and whate'er approv'd,

Shall still remain immortal, and the same,

Through endless ages in the rolls of fame.

When many an ancient name from mem'ry fades,
 And sinks unhonour'd in oblivion's shades,
 In equal praise Agricola shall live,
 And long through late posterity survive!

This poem is by the author of the foregoing, written also in his youth. The alterations, which I have presumed to make in it, are still fewer than in the lines from Strada.

It is perhaps, worth a moment's notice, that the opening of the famous address to the spirit of Agricola, at the conclusion of his life, in Tacitus, may, by the easiest alterations of the original, be made to run into an Alcaic stanza—

Si quis piorum manibus est locus,
 (Placet vetustis ut sapientibus)
 Si, corpore extincto, supersunt
 Magnæ animæ, placidè quiescas!

Perhaps the close of the sentence is as harmonious as the most perfect rhythm of prose will admit; so that there seems no occasion to avoid it, from its accidental correspondence with the measure of verse.

TO LESBIA.

FROM CATULLUS.

SAY you, my life, that we shall ever love?
 Oh! may no time the pleasing words disprove!
 Heav'n to these words eternal truth impart,
 Let her have breath'd them from her inmost heart,
 And through our lives to Lesbia's spirit grant
 Firmness to keep this holy covenant!



FROM TIBULLUS.

ELEGY THE THIRD—BOOK THE FIRST.

How well they liv'd in Saturn's golden times,
 Ere earth lay open to her farthest climes;
 Ere hollow pine-trees mounted on the wave,
 And to the wind their swelling canvass gave;
 Or sailors, wand'ring to a world unknown,
 Prest their deep bark with produce not their own.

No lordly bull then dragg'd the pond'rous wain,
 Nor noble horse obey'd the slavish rein;
 No house was guarded by the jealous wall,
 No selfish landmark robb'd the wealth of all.
 Spontaneous oaks distill'd their honied dews,
 Their milk was offer'd by the teeming ewes :
 War had not yet his iron front display'd,
 Nor savage craft contriv'd the murd'rous blade.
 Danger and Death pursue the thunderer's reign,
 And cross, by countless paths, the land and main.
 O! spare me, Jove! no perjur'd tongue is mine,
 No impious curses hurl'd at names divine.
 Yet, if my fated length of life is gone,
 Be this inscription grav'd upon my stone,
 " Here young Tibullus slumbers with the dead,
 " O'er earth and sea by lov'd Messala led."

But I, who living yield to gentle love,
 Dying shall seek the blest Elysian grove.
 There tuneful choirs o'er verdant meadows stray,
 And dance and song delight th' immortal day;

Uncultur'd cassia scents the teeming ground,
 And od'rous roses flourish all around.
 There many a tender girl and favour'd boy
 Renew the wonted interchange of joy.
 There roam the pairs of guiltless lovers dead,
 With wreaths of myrtle on each youthful head.

But Guilt's pale dens lie hid in night profound,
 Where sable floods rush horribly around;
 Their snake-crown'd heads the hissing furies rear,
 And the damn'd souls are hurried here and there;
 His scorpion jaws black Cerberus expands,
 And at the brazen gate expecting stands!
 There, on the rapid wheel is lust impal'd,
 Lust that the Queen of Heav'n herself assail'd.
 There Tityus, stretch'd at his enormous length,
 Feeds the keen vulture with his bleeding strength.
 There thirsting Tantalus, with eager eyes
 And outstretch'd hands, pursues the stream that flies.
 There the false brides who shed their husbands' blood,
 Through hollow vessels pour the ceaseless flood.

There be the wretch who wishes me to rove,
In painful absence from my only love.

But rest for ever pure, my lovely bride,
Thy aged nurse still watching at thy side,
Telling sweet tales of seasons long gone by—
While, at their lamps, the circling damsels ply
The curious labours of the length'ning thread,
Or o'er the distaff bend their drowsy head.

Then, on a sudden, will thy lover come,
As if from heav'n descending to his home:

No courier's speed my Delia shall prepare,
But in her chance undress I'll find the fair.


Then will she run these smiling eyes to meet,
Loose her dark locks, and bare her snowy feet.

Oh! with what joy I'll strain her to my breast,
While tears and tender murmurs speak the rest.

IN PRAISE OF TIBULLUS.

FROM OVID.

IF aught of mortals but a name remains,
Tibullus wanders in Elysian plains.
With Calvus there is great Catullus found,
His youthful brows with brightest ivy crown'd:
And thou too, Gallus, if belied by fame—
Oh lavish of thy blood, to wash away thy shame!
To these, Tibullus, is thy form convey'd,
If aught of thee survives but empty shade.
There thy soft numbers, in the realms of rest,
Swell the symphonious chorus of the blest.
A peaceful urn thy sacred ashes save,
And the green hillock lightly press thy grave.



IN RIDICULE OF LIGURRA.

FROM MARTIAL.

You fear, Ligurra, in my lines to see
A short display of your stupidity.
You wish to claim a worthiness of wrong,
That may befit you for abusive song.
You fear in vain, my friend, you wish in vain
The living libel of my caustic strain.
On the fierce bull the Libyan lion turns,
Beholds the harmless butterfly, and spurns.
Seek, if your name in angry verse must flow,
Some drunken poet of the bagnio,
Who with foul chalk, or gritty charcoal, scrawls
Obscenè lampoons on Cloacina's walls.
'Tis not for me the blockhead's face to brand,
Go, court the stigma of some meaner hand!

FROM MARTIAL.

TO JUVENAL.

WHILST you perchance uneasily, my friend,
 Range through the noisy town from end to end,
 Wear with your steps Diana's hill, or wait
 Before the haughty thresholds of the great,
 Fanning your heavy gown, fatigued and spent
 With the vain task of daily compliment—
 I, far retiring from the thankless toil,
 Am grown a rustic on my native soil;
 Now, after many a year, conceal'd again
 Mid the rich mines, and fruitful vales of Spain.

* * * * *

Here, lost in cares, whose gentle pressure charms,
 I till at ease my Celtiberian farms;
 Here, through night's darkness undisturb'd and deep,
 Till the full morning shines, serenely sleep;
 Glad to repay enjoyment's long arrears,
 And wakeful eyes for thirty wretched years.

HORACE,

ODE THE THIRD, BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE Poet, on whose natal hour
 The Muse has shed her warmest pow'r,
 Her own, her favourite son—
 Shall never snatch th' illustrious prize,
 By feats of gallant exercise
 In youthful contest won :

Shall never mount the conqueror's car,
 Crown'd with the laurel wreath of war,
 By dauntless courage gain'd—
 Courage, that sav'd a nation's rights,
 And, foremost in the bloodiest fights,
 A tyrant's pride restrain'd :

But in some cool and shady cave,
 Close by the silent river's wave,

The happy bard shall lie;
 And gently breathe his lyric song,
 Or roll heroic strains along,
 Strains that shall never die.

Directress of the golden wires
 That magic harmony inspires!

Thou, who could'st e'en bestow
 The dying swan's melodious strain
 Soft echoing o'er the wat'ry plain,
 On the mute race below—

Spirit of Heav'n! thy borrow'd fire
 Has rank'd me with the tuneful choir,

In Fame's immortal shrine:
 I owe to thee my country's praise—
 If thou indeed inspir'st my lays,
 That glorious gift is thine!

HORACE,

ODE THE FIFTH, BOOK THE FOURTH.

SON of kind Heav'n, best guard of Rome,
Return to thy impatient home !

We mourn thy long delay :
Bless once again thy people's sight,
And, like the spring, with new-born light
Disperse our wint'ry day.

The mother, ling'ring on the shore,
Bids the slow waves her child restore

From Asia's distant skies—
Twelve tedious months her sailor boy
Has left her roof—her only joy,
Joy of her aged eyes !

Thus, fondly melting into grief,
The city mourns her absent chief :

For in his golden reign
Plenty and Peace their blessings shed,
Safe o'er the fields our flocks are led,
And Commerce crowds the main.

Faith, blushing at the thought of blame,
Revives the Roman's ancient fame;
Adulterous Lust expires;
Guilt, through its motley legions, feels
The scourge of Justice at its heels;
And sons are like their sires.

Who heeds the tribes of savage Thrace,
Or rude Germania's horrid race,
While Cæsar yet is our's?
Each on his native hill, we see
The sun descending tranquilly,
Beneath our vine-clad bow'rs.

There, when the simple feast is o'er,

To thee the grateful cup we pour,

And rank thee with our Gods :

So Greece, for fatal foes withstood,

Crowning her heroes great and good,

Rais'd them to Heav'n's abodes.

“ Long be on earth thy prosp'rous stay,

“ And long Italia's holiday,

“ Bestow'd, mild prince, by thee!”

'Tis thus we pray, when morning shines,

'Tis thus we drink, when day declines

Beneath the dark'ning sea.



LUCRETIIUS,

In his fourth Book, after enumerating many of the miseries of love, has the following passage; as expressive, in the original, as any in the whole collection of Latin poetry.

HEALTH too decays, another heavy ill!

And life is wasted at a woman's will.

Fast melts away the fortune of our sires,

Debts grow on debts, and honest pride retires.

Neglected duty scarce awakens shame,

And, sick to death, declines our former fame.

The scornful crowd our flowing robes behold,

Our sparkling em'ralsds cas'd in costly gold,

Our nuptial vests prepar'd for soft delights —

Our fathers' trophies, gain'd in glorious fights,

Chang'd by the lewdness of their spendthrift race

To am'rous emblems of abhorr'd disgrace,

To wines, and feasts, the spur of loose desires,

Garlands, and odours, and voluptuous lyres.

Ah fruitless guilt! in Pleasure's fondest hours

A pang will rise, a thorn amid the flow'rs!

Or that the conscious mind itself corrodes
 For time mispent in Sloth's obscene abodes ;
 Or that HER speech was doubtfully exprest,
 And left a rankling poison in our breast ;
 Or that her eyes were roll'd too slily round,
 And smiles still playing o'er her face are found.

These are the miseries of love, when fate
 With happiest kindness has adorn'd our state.
 But, Oh ! when fortune frowns, and poor distress
 Enters our doors, what perfect wretchedness !
 Scarce can our eyes, for ever open, see
 The countless ills of Love and Poverty.
 How much more wisely would our youthful care
 Anticipate the pang, avoid the snare !
 'Tis easier far at first to fly the net,
 Than, once entangled, to escape it yet ;
 Yet to o'ercome our amatory pains,
 And burst through Beauty's adamant chains.

LUCRETIIUS,

At the beginning of his sixth Book, addresses an animated Eulogium to Epicurus. What he says concerning the government of the passions is well worth attention; and the doctrine of the radical corruption of human nature is here maintained by the maxims of heathen wisdom.

FIRST to mankind, for pain and labour born,
 Illustrious Athens gave the fruitful corn;
 Refresh'd our life, protecting laws ordain'd,
 And taught each comfort that the world has gain'd.
 A wond'rous sage at length the city bore,
 Whose lips with truth and eloquence ran o'er;
 Whose heav'nly arts this transitory breath
 Survive, and consecrate his name in death!
 —For when he saw that men possest before
 Safeguards of peace, and plenty's flowing store;
 In praise, in honour, and in fortune thriv'd,
 And in their children felt their youth reviv'd;
 Yet saw each breast with anxious cares o'erflow,
 And ev'ry family the house of woe;

Led by deep thought the wond'rous cause to find,
 He knew corruption lurk'd within the mind;
 A secret taint the vessel's self conceal'd,
 And all it held the native fault reveal'd.
 —By lapse of time it seem'd in part decay'd,
 And sunk in holes that mock'd the mender's aid.
 Hence all the treasures that in earth abound,
 Fail'd to fill up it's ever-greedy round.
 Each good it seiz'd was turn'd to useless waste,
 Spoil'd by the foulness of it's putrid taste.

Therefore he purg'd the heart with holy fire,
 And fix'd the bounds of terror and desire.
 Taught the chief good, where all our wishes tend,
 And that straight path which leads us to our end.
 Explain'd the various evils of our state,
 The pow'r of chance, the natural force of fate:
 Show'd too the ground where we might best oppose
 The host of passions, our invading foes;
 And prov'd how vainly we resign our rest
 To seas of trouble that o'erwhelm the breast!

For as our children paint with wild affright
 A thousand figures in the shadowy night,
 We too our fancies fear in open day,
 As weak and as irrational as they.
 This panic of the mind, this dark disgrace,
 'Tis not the sun's bright splendour can efface;
 Nature must ope her volume to our eyes,
 And bare the sources whence her wonders rise.



FROM LUCRETIVS.

The beginning of his first book has been more generally admired than any other part of his poem. It is assuredly a noble description of the revival of Nature at the return of Spring.—Any translator of this passage, but Dryden, must despair to do justice to his original.

HAIL, genial parent of the Roman line,
 The joy of mortal spirits and divine,
 Prolific Venus! thou, from heav'n above
 Descending, pour'st the holy gift of love,

Or on the billowy main, or fruitful earth,
 And call'st each lurking embryo into birth.
 Thee, goddess, thee, and thy approaching pow'r
 Rude tempests fly, and storms no longer low'r.
 The cultur'd fields their flow'ry carpet strew,
 Old Ocean smiles at thy benignant view,
 And cloudless heav'n expands it's arch of blue!

For when the bursting Spring is born again,
 And zephyrs, unimprison'd, fan the plain,
 First through the air the joyous signs are heard
 Of thy return, from each reviving bird;
 Then the glad beasts o'er fresh'ning pastures run,
 Cross rapid streams, and wanton in the sun;
 All living things are stirr'd with sweet alarms,
 Touch'd by the warmth of thy pervading charms;
 Thee, thee they follow, where thy will commands,
 O'er seas tempestuous, or o'er rugged lands;
 Along their tingling veins they feel the flame,
 In woods, in rivers, and in fields the same;

Through all their breasts but one desire we trace—

They burn alike to propagate their race.

Since then from thee all nature's treasures spring,

The glow and beauty of each living thing ;

May'st thou, the guardian of my strains, attend,

That ope those stores of nature to my friend ;

On whom thyself hast chosen to bestow

The perfect gifts that from thy favour flow.

—Therefore, kind goddess, animate my muse,

Into thy bard thy eloquence infuse ;

And bid, meanwhile, the storm of battle cease,

And lull both land and sea in quiet peace.

For heav'n-born peace depends on thee alone—

Mars rules the battle from his iron throne !

Mars, who by love's eternal wound oppress,

Leans back, exhausted, on thy beauteous breast ;

Looks up, with bended neck, upon thine eyes,

And looks, and looks, in ling'ring ecstasies ;

Thee, goddess, thee beholds, in am'rous death,

Hangs on thy lips, and draws from thine his breath.

Fold him, sweet goddess, in those sacred arms,
 Fold him in all that paradise of charms,
 While gentle murmurs from thy mouth exprest,
 Gain for thy grateful Romans peace and rest.



THE poet proceeds to declare his inability and unwillingness to discuss so abstracted a subject as that which he proposes for his friend's consideration, if his country was in a state of war and tumult. He calls on Memmius also for the most undivided attention; and, after stating, as unintelligibly as usual, the design of his poem, introduces the Epicurean doctrine of the peaceful inactivity of the gods, and a description of the evils of superstition.

For undisturb'd the nature of the gods,
 And peace immortal crowns their blest abodes;
 Far from our sordid scene of toil and noise,
 Nor grief, nor danger, interrupts their joys.
 Rich in themselves, our praise they little need,
 Touch'd by no virtuous, and no guilty deed.

When all on earth in foul disorder lay,
 And Superstition spread her gloomy sway,
 Look'd from her lofty clouds of terror down,
 And lour'd on mortals with a black'ning frown—
 First on her figure of gigantic size
 The Grecian man uprais'd his daring eyes;
 Fear'd not the threats of heav'n, the lightning's glare,
 The thunder murm'ring through the darken'd air;
 Still higher felt his inborn courage soar,
 And past the gates which none had reach'd before;
 With vivid force prolong'd his glorious race,
 "And leapt the flaming bounds of time and space."
 The deep immense his ardent mind o'erran,
 And blazon'd Nature's mysteries to man;
 Defin'd how far each separate pow'r extends,
 And where the various scale of being ends;
 Drove Superstition from her tott'ring shrine,
 And lifted human wisdom to divine!

Think not, my friend, (a thought thy poet fears)
 That impious reason shall offend thy ears;

That guilt shall cloud our philosophic way—
 Revolve the story of mankind, and say,
 If Superstition, through successive times,
 Has not produc'd the worst of human crimes?
 —By this fell pow'r the Grecian chiefs were led,
 When the pale maid on Aulis' altar bled;
 When Trivia's shrine with virgin gore was stain'd,
 And kings of men the cruel deed ordain'd.

As the dread fillet o'er her hair was bound,
 (Her beauteous hair that flow'd her neck around,)
 As at her side her mournful father stood,
 And priests, who hid the instrument of blood,
 Hid it, obsequious, from a monarch's eye,
 Regardless of his daughter's agony!
 As the whole army melted at her sight—
 Silent she knelt, exhausted with affright!
 —Nor could her noble birth avert her fate,
 The first-born daughter of a prince so great.
 Dragg'd to her death by mandates feign'd divine,
 When Hymen called her to a happier shrine,

Devoted, in her marriageable hour,
 The helpless victim of a parent's pow'r,
 To bribe the winds and waves—Oh! vain desire!
 Oh! frantic Superstition's guilty fire!



FROM ANACREON.

SAD Niobe, in cold despair,
 Was fix'd a stone on Phrygia's shore;
 And through the boundless fields of air,
 'Twas given Pandion's child to soar.

But I, a different change requiring,
 Make every vow for thee, my fair;
 Sometimes a mirror's form desiring,
 Thy image on my breast to bear;

Or as a robe with soft embraces,

Thy tender snowy limbs to hide:

Or as a stream to enclose thy graces,

When bathing in my crystal tide.

Oh! that the Gods to me had given

A collar's form, that neck to twine!

Or, on that sweet terrestrial heaven,


Thy breast, a radiant pearl to shine.

Or with a humbler fate delighted,

A sandal for thy feet I'd be—

Trampled upon, neglected, slighted,

E'en this would be felicity.



FROM THE SAME.

GIVE me not the rolling car,
Helm or shield with silver bound,
(What have I to do with war?)
But a goblet deep and round.

Carve not on its polish'd side,
Star, or planet's various form—
Those which rule the struggling tide,
Or direct the rising storm :

Let a vine the cup surround,
Clasping with its tendrils fine ;
And amidst the golden ground
Raise a vat of new made wine.

Then, the jolly vintage leading
Carve the Theban God above;
And the mellow harvest treading
Cupid, with the maid I love.

ON LUCRETIA.

FROM THE LATIN.

WHEN in her breast Lucretia plung'd the sword,
And down the snow a purple river pour'd,
"Thou soul," she cried, "proclaim to Heav'n above,
"Thou life—blood to my lord—it was not Love!"

TIBULLUS,^a

ELEGY THE SECOND.

OH! give me wine, to heal my wounded breast,
 And close my aching eyes in pleasant rest.
 Let not a sound disturb the blissful bed,
 Where love itself lies tranquil as the dead.
 For cruel guards my weeping girl immure,
 And heavy bolts her iron gate secure.
 Gate of my rival! enemy to love!
 May lightning blast thee, darted from above!
 No, gentle gate, thou'lt listen to my pray'r,
 Turn on thy noiseless hinge, and guide me to my fair.

* * * * * * *

And, if a lover's phrenzy wish'd thee ill,
 Heav'n on himself avenge his guilty will.
 Rather, kind gate, recal my suppliant hours,
 And thy bright pillars hung with living flow'rs.

^a This copy of verses has been printed in another Miscellany.

Thou too, my Delia, boldly brave thy guards—
 Venus herself the dauntless pair rewards;
 And helps the boy who jealous walls explores,
 And helps the girl who opes forbidden doors!

To glide in silence from the downy bed,
 To mount the staircase with a noiseless tread,
 Hold the warm language of the varying eye,
 And kiss by tokens when the fool is by—
 Pow'rs to the favour'd few by Venus giv'n,
 Betray the cuckold-making aid of heav'n.
 Such arts are theirs, who fly from sluggard ease,
 Cross the dark moor, and in the tempest freeze,
 Till, safely nestling in their fair one's arms,
 They feel the glowing change exalt her charms.

No lawless robber in my path shall rove,
 For sacred is the messenger of love:
 Nor storm nor howling rain shall cloud my road,
 If Delia beckon to the dear abode;
 Draw the soft bolt, and silently advise
 My sounding footsteps with her fearful eyes,

With eager finger on her lip imprest,
 Impatient brow, and quickly beating breast.
 Veil, veil your lamps, whoever travel nigh,
 The thefts of Venus shun the curious eye.
 Nor tread too loudly, nor inquire my name,
 Nor to my face advance your taper's flame.
 And ye, who chance to see, the sight forswear,
 And vow by all the gods ye were not there.
 The prating babbler shall confess with pain
 That Venus issued from the savage main.
 Nay, e'en your lord the tell-tale shall distrust,
 And scorn the lying rumour of your lust.

So sang the witch, whose prophecy divine
 Assur'd my hopes, and made thee wholly mine.
 She draws the stars from heav'n with influence strong,
 And turns the course of rapid streams by song;
 Cleaves the firm ground, the dead with life inspires,
 Bids rattling bones start forth from burial fires,
 With magic yell the gathering ghosts commands,
 Or purifies with milk their parting bands.

Wills she—the clouds of thunder disappear !
 Wills she—dark whirlwinds overcast the sphere !
 Sole mistress she of dire Medea's charms,
 Her pow'r alone the dogs of hell disarms.
 A rhyme she fram'd, which if thou thrice rehearse,
 Thy lord shall yield such homage to the verse,
 That not a tale his spies relate of me,
 No, nor the hot embrace his eyes may see,
 Shall win his faith—but if my rivals dare
 To snatch the slightest favour from my fair,
 Her jealous lord shall ev'ry theft perceive,
 Know all he suffers, all he hears believe.

Shall I too trust the sorceress' potent art,
 By herb, or song, to free my captive heart?
 The lustral torches blaz'd at midnight hour,
 Fell the black victim to each magic pow'r,
 And thus I pray'd—" Oh ! cure me not of love !
 " But Delia's breast with mutual fondness move !
 " I would not wish for freedom from my pains,
 " Oh ! what were life unless I wore her chains !"

Iron were he, who when he could possess
 Thy charms, preferr'd renown to happiness.
 Though deck'd with spoils, the guerdon of the brave,
 O'er conquer'd lands he bids his banners wave,
 Though captive monarchs throng his sounding car,
 And bow beneath that thunderbolt of war—
 I envy not the blood-stain'd hero's pride,
 Content to feed my flocks at Delia's side.

If thou art with me, Oh! how sweet my toil,
 Though doom'd to turn for bread a thankless soil!
 On the cold hill to lay my pensive head,
 If thou art with me, Oh! how soft my bed!
 What joy remains, when gentle love has flown?
 On downy pillows, wretched and alone,
 Still through the night the sons of fortune weep,
 Nor gold, nor blushing purple, brings them sleep.
 Celestial music pours a fruitless strain,
 Murmur soft airs, and fountains flow in vain.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

LINES TO A FRIEND GOING ABROAD.

WAND'RING from his native region,
From his dark and chilly home,
Fondly may the rude Norwegian
To a brighter summer roam.

Few the ties of kind affection
That endear that barren land;
Once dissolv'd the weak connection,
Pleas'd he quits the dreary strand.

But, though storm and sounding thunder
 Cloud Britannia's changeful year,
 Who can burst the bonds asunder
 That attach the patriot here?

Here, unknown to Northern coldness,
 Genius burns with deathless flame,
 Blazing high, with happy boldness,
 To the steep of ancient fame.

Here, while joy and health united
 Gaily roam the cultur'd vales,
 Love (unless by falsehood blighted)
 Tells to beauty tender tales.

Canst thou, Mordaunt, canst thou leave it,
 This adorn'd, this happy soil?
 Where's thy heart? what charms deceive it?
 Spare, Oh! spare thy fruitless toil.

Vain the search for foreign pleasure,

Pleasure only dwells at home :

Losing all his heav'nly treasure,

Fallen man was doom'd to roam.

Yet, perchance, you dream of gladness,

In Circassia's smiling land ;

Fancy life reliev'd from sadness,

Love and Freedom hand in hand.

No, my friend ! such slavish beauty

Feeble warmth to love imparts :

Struggling with their hateful duty,

Vengeance rankles in their hearts.

Then the bowl, or pois'nous dagger,

Well repays detested lust—

See ! the wounded despots stagger,

See ! they die beneath the thrust.

Blame not her, whose soul recoiling
 From the dragon grasp of pride,
 Eyes the wretch, with fury boiling,
 Lays him breathless at her side.

Turn, Oh! turn to fond embraces,
 To the warm, the willing kiss,
 Where, in bright, in beauteous faces,
 Shines the speaking eye of bliss.

Canst thou, Mordaunt, canst thou leave it,
 This adorn'd, this happy soil?
 Where's thy heart? what charms deceive it?
 Spare, Oh! spare thy fruitless toil.

Yet, if pleasing change allure thee
 O'er the roughly-swelling tide,
 May the one great guide secure thee—
 Mordaunt! ne'er forget thy guide.

Mark him, in the whirlwind riding,
 O'er the darken'd billows sweep;
 Mark him, through the calm air gliding,
 Bid th' obedient ocean sleep.

See him fill yon arch of Heav'n,
 Glitt'ring with the gems of night;
 See, nor hope to be forgiv'n,
 Doubtful of his sacred light.

See him spread, in bright profusion,
 Varied wealth o'er ev'ry land—
 See, nor rest in blind delusion,
 Doubtful of his bounteous hand.

But, if Nature fail to move thee
 With her rich external charms,
 Raise thy thoughts to Him above thee
 From thy conscious soul's alarms.

Feel that soul's most deep recesses
Touch'd by inspiration's pen ;
Feel, nor trust in impious guesses
Of the thankless sons of men

Then, as o'er the midnight ocean
Moves thy steady bark along,
On the deck, in calm devotion,
Breathe to Heav'n thy secret song.

With the pure, and holy feeling,
Friendship in thy breast shall rise ;
And Remembrance, o'er thee stealing,
Softly paint thy native skies.

LETTER TO A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN,

With a present of three dozen of Port,

1804.

This Poem is the production of a Friend, to whom
I am indebted for several compositions in this Volume.

ACCEPT, dear Friend, this present small,

As small as well could be sent;

Rememb'ring the proverbial scrawl

Of "Parvum Parva decent."

And as thou drink'st the social glass,

And round the bottle passest,

Remember an old proverb was,

"In vino Veritas est."

Then as thou think'st, my long-lost boy,

How flown our quondam time is;

With moderate draughts thy lips employ,

Rememb'ring "ne quid nimis."

Ah could thy Henry share thy sport,
 Such prudence should control him ;
 For ^abumble swilling generous Port,
 “ Et bene nunc et olim.”

But should thy better sense be gone,
 (Not worth a French assignat)
 The country wits will cry—“ Quid non
 Ebrietas designat?”

As reeling through the streets you go,
 They'll spy (the Lord defend 'em,
 Defend they should be frighten'd so)
 A new “ monstrum horrendum.”^b

O tippling Parson, they will cry,
 No more with sermons gull us :
 (The while their wheelbarrows stand by)
 “ Non monachum cucullus.”

^a A liquor made by an infusion of raisins and brown sugar into small beer.

^b This alludes to the story of a village ghost.

And as your street is wondrous bad

With fetid bile you'll lave it ;

And sing, in psalming accent sad,

“ Cor meum eructavit.”

At Christmas-tide, if chance we meet,

Mid gin-kegs, ale, and plenty ;

Each “in futuro” will we greet

As glad, “as in præsenti.”



THE FALL OF CIS-ALPINA.

BY A CIS-ALPINE REFUGEE.

Ex. Com. Ex. Mun. Ex. Anc. Cidev^t.

Published in a Periodical Journal, 1799.

These Lines are by the same Author as the foregoing.

UNFRIENDED ! exil'd to a foreign shore,
 Far from those plains besmear'd with kindred gore,
 Where erst unfetter'd Liberty was spread,
 And Cis-alpina rear'd her infant head,
 I pass reluctant, ah ! condemn'd to hide
 In haughty London from the hostile tide !

Time was, I hasten'd on the banks of Po
 The hatchet quick, and contribution slow :

Compell'd the pampér'd noble to retreat,
 And garrison'd myself his feudal seat :
 Steel'd the young patriot's squeamish arm to kill,
 And learn the luxury of doing ill :
 With ardour snapp'd the matrimonial thrall,
 Then rul'd, as abbess, in a convent's wall :
 Till gaunt rebellion clash'd with Austria's cause
 To prop religion, reinstate the laws ;
 Restore to slavery Lombardia's race,
 And dash the new republic from her base.

Ah ! sad I hasten'd through the midnight gloom,
 With Brutus' head, and breeches *en costume* ;
 When (as good Marius, 'mid Minturnæ's bogs,
 In silent anguish fraterniz'd with frogs,)
 Quick o'er Ferrara's marshy plains I hied,
 No wine to cheer me, and no moon to guide.
 Around me, French, Cis-alpines, Piedmontese,
 (Alas ! we've found no classic name for these,)
 Ligurians, Romans, Spaniards, Poles, and Swiss,
 Conscription volunteers, both Trans and Cis,

(Like Babel's builders,) from Suwarrow's van,
 O'er the communes in gay confusion ran.
 Quick march'd the Russians through the track of blood,
 And each department groan'd, and melted where he stood.

Awhile we gaze on Lodi, but no more
 With bloody rampart barricade her shore :
 That shore—where Gallia, prodigal of blood,
 Swept her own conquering legions down the flood ;
 Her vaunting hosts resolv'd in pride to drown,
 For one short breath of pitiless renown !
 Yet happy deem I, who, in Adda's urn,
 Were fated not 'midst Egypt's sands to burn ;
 Nor in Sarmatia's proud bastiles to mourn,
 Their trophies wrested, and their banners torn.

Next through Milan we pass, and passing grieve,
 Then sighing leave her, ah ! for ever leave.
 Ill-fated city ! commerce shall defile
 Thy crowded streets, and joy and plenty smile :
 The busy murmur through thy marts shall grow,
 And English stuffs in warehouses o'erflow !

No more the keen-eyed Murder shall be seen
To revel deftly on the guillotine :

But sober justice on thy bench shall sit,
Thron'd by the Russian's steel, and gold of Pitt.

Delays were death, while wafted from the rear
Loud blasts of transport pall my sicken'd ear ;
Proclaim the victor, and confirm their choice,
By each apostate renegado's voice :
While Freedom, jilted by her votaries, sees
Her fanes revers'd, eras'd her sage decrees ;
Fanatic crowds their exil'd priests recall,
Old dukedoms rise, and new republics fall.

Ah ! then distill'd, through grief, through pain, through
fear,

Salt down my cheek the patriotic tear ;
Nor ceas'd, till Cenis' topmost ridge I gain,
And sigh reluctant o'er the prostrate plain.
Here while I pace, with blood-stain'd steps and slow,
Joy unexpected mitigates my woe.

For in a public-house—where loftier rose
 Rough Alpine cliffs amidst eternal snows ;
 Where wrapt beneath did never clouds aspire,
 Sat two directors by the kitchen fire.
 Their oaken board with frugal fare was spread,
 A meagre meal of bacon, cheese, and bread.^a
 ('Twas thus our pious sires were wont to fast,)
 And mountain snow diluted the repast.
 Around their chiefs eight hungry ancients sat,
 Munching bread over-bak'd, and bacon over-fat.

Happy we meet, embrace, and joy to see
 Each other landed in security!
 Where, safe entrench'd on nature's barrier mound,
 Nor war-horse snorts, nor yells of carnage sound.
 Soon, though no juice of generous grape inspir'd,
 Dreams of futurity our bosoms fir'd:
 And as by drink more confident we grew,
 Times fled for aye our prattling tongues renew.

^a Vide the sublime Epistle of Eymer, ex. comm. from Turin, to the Directory on crossing the Alps.

Here first I learn, how, follow'd from behind,^b
 Directors twain in speed outvie the wind :
 And how the fifth, with directorial gold,
 His private safety bought, his country's sold !
 We drink success to retrograde Moreau,
 And toast old murders in a pint of snow :
 Till, fir'd with converse and the madd'ning bowl,
 A reeling ancient thus breath'd out his soul.

“ Ye representatives of social man !

“ Glad liberty's expiring sparks to fan ;

“ Ye fading relics of a nation's pride,

“ Who, 'reft of her Creator, struggling died ;

“ O'er that Creator pour the sorrowing strain,

“ Nor may the fun'ral dirge resound in vain.

“ Farewell, great architect of liberty,

“ No more shall maidens deck the poplar tree,

“ In gay costumes, and idle wantonness,

“ When each decade demands the Sabbath's dress.

^b Vide Eymer's Letter.

“ Farewell, great architect! to whom ’twas given,

“ T’ annul the high behests and rights of Heav’n!

“ While we, obsequious as we kiss’d thy rod,

“ Form’d and reform’d our nation at thy nod.

“ Farewell! where’er thou art if right we read—

“ In Egypt’s catacombs we mourn’d thee dead.^a

“ Again, that near Aboukir’s fatal isle

“ Thou slept’st with Pompey, at the mouth of Nile.

“ Now that thou liest on Syria’s sultry sands,

“ The scorn of Turkey’s parricidal bands.

“ Yet, though our hero still draws vital breath,

“ False though each rumour, feign’d each tale of death;

“ Though nether Asia to his cannon bow,

“ And Persian bays adorn the conqueror’s brow;

“ Yet, can we hope from such a long sojourn,

“ His triumphs lasting, and his safe return?”

More, did he sing—but I, with sleep oppress,

Snor’d dully on the bench, nor heard the rest.

^a It is impossible not to observe here the similar proneness of Englishmen and Athenians to fearful curiosity. *τεθνακε φιλιππος, κ. τ. λ.*

Amaz'd next morning, when inclin'd to pay,
 To find my purse purloin'd, my friends away.
 My friends! avaunt—ye traitors from my heart,
 Directors stooping to the robbers' part!
 Not as of old, in freedom's tortur'd name,
 Ye robb'd in wholesale for your tutor's dame.^a
 Avaunt—may hunger gripe, may dire disease,
 May conscience haunt ye, or may Barras seize!
 And Seine, the grave of all that once was good,
 Roll your stabb'd corpses down her purple flood.

Where now to go, the mad conjecture prest—
 To France?—Where liberty still warms the breast?
 No—for I see each reasoning atheist throw
 A blasting glance on poverty and woe;
 And, vers'd in Rousseau's philosophic lore,
 Close 'gainst the suppliant friend his selfish door.

To England's plains to sail in sly disguise,
 And trust to safety from mine enemies?

^a Madame Bonaparte, who returned to France laden with the spoils of Italy.

Yes, there alone can freedom condescend
 To rear the brave and charitable friend ;
 The pleasing contrast to her foes to prove
 Of hostile vengeance melting into love.
 And there, (ah me ! I shudder as I own)
 Good faith and virtue prop a monarch's throne.

Lift, Cisalpina, lift thy drooping head,
 And hear how I will honour thee when dead.
 For, lo ! in spite I consecrate this isle,
 A noble victim to thy fun'ral pile.
 Then as thy grinning manes hover round,
 The crush of Britain through their ears shall sound :
 When perhaps, if so shall sovereign chance ordain,
 They'll flesh to life, reorganiz'd again.
 Meanwhile, from nightly inquisition free,
 I weave the tissues of conspiracy.
 Point the quaint joke, invent the dark surmise,
 Committees plan, unite societies :
 All soft emotions of the soul suppress,
 I'll sting the hand that squeez'd me to her breast :

Till subtile poison through each vein shall dart,
 Unnerve the frame, and fester at the heart ;
 Till, dup'd to death, her islanders rebel,
 And rue the day that Cisalpina fell.



VERSES WRITTEN ON THE APPROACH
 TO LITCHFIELD, 1809.

IMMORTAL Johnson ! from the realms of bliss,
 Look down benignant on a world like this !
 Here, at thy native seat, I strive to raise
 The glowing voice of energetic praise.
 Perchance the humblest of the tuneful throng,
 Borne by resistless gratitude along,
 To thee I breathe, devoutly breathe, my lay,
 Thou evening star of England's better day !

Oh ! had I liv'd when thy censorial pow'r
 Prolong'd, or clos'd, the poet's brilliant hour—
 Then, doom'd to silence by thy awful frown,
 Ne'er had I sought the phantom of renown ;
 Or cheer'd (Oh ! animating hope !) by thee,
 Boldly had pour'd my sanction'd harmony.
 But now, disdainful of the grov'ling race
 Whose touch contaminates the critic's place,
 Their damning panegyric I disclaim,
 And feel their very satire worthless fame.
 Content the nobler meed of song to find
 In the warm faith of many a friendly mind ;
 Content life's busy warfare to beguile,
 In peaceful shades, " with partial beauty's smile ;"
 And sure, this night, though hurried to my doom,
 Some tender tears will fall upon my tomb.

But higher had I soar'd, immortal shade,
 Lit by the presence of thy living aid ;
 And, led by thee to conquest, turn'd my rage
 On the pale offspring of a guilty age.

How did thy pen to startled vice impart
 Th' unhallow'd secrets of her deepest heart!
 Bare the corrupted source, and probe within
 The lurking venom of obdurate sin!
 Our blazon'd shame astonish'd we confess,
 And nature blushes at her nakedness;
 Wond'ring to learn that stranger eyes can see
 The spots of her polluted privacy;
 And tear the miserable mask aside
 That veils its beggary from hoodwink'd pride.

Though courteous Addison's delightful lore
 Had strew'd thy path with gather'd flow'rs before,
 Full many a wreath remain'd for thee to twine,
 And proud originality is thine.

With playful skill he offer'd to our view
 The husk of man, but left the core for you;
 Folly's and fashion's countless hues design'd,
 But lightly skimm'd the surface of the mind.
 'Twas yours to mark th' unvarying laws that rule
 Savage and slave, philosopher and fool;

In every age, through every clime the same,
Eternal nature's universal frame.

Manners may change, as empires rise or fall,

But some pervading passions govern all;

Speaking, as av'rice or ambition sways,

Or lust, or cruelty the soul obeys,

Our common bias to the love of ill—

The weak indulgence of our vicious will.

Though Goldsmith's pencil o'er the rural scene

Threw softer radiance, and a fresher green;

Display'd the poor, from guilt and sorrow free,

A pastoral group in pleasant Arcady!

Yet sterner Crabbe, with truth's unwelcome light,

Dragg'd want, and labour, and distress, to sight:

Shudd'ring we read conviction's mournful strain,

"And own the village life a life of pain."

Had I, lov'd shade, that fervour of the breast,

That vig'rous rapture by thy Crabbe. possesst,

Or that diviner majesty of soul,

That nobler strength which bade thy numbers roll—

Then, then, exalted by the heav'n-born flame,
 Thy bard would consecrate thy deathless name;
 Thy Litchfield's spires with worthy homage greet,
 And hail thy genius at its native seat.



LINES ON THE LATE BATTLES IN GERMANY,

JULY 1809.

BRAVE Austria! how thine eagles rise
 Against the o'erwhelming cloud of France!

How strong the patriot energies,
 That bid thy wounded sons advance

Or if the out-number'd host retires,
 Struggling to earth thy heroes fall—

There's not an Austrian that expires
 But grapples with a dying Gaul.

Brave Austria! be it woe or weal

That yet thy generous strength attends,
That strength thy savage foe shall feel,
That strength shall animate thy friends,

Yet shall thy thunder swell the war,
And 'mid Bohemian mountains roll;
Yet, bursting o'er his crimson car,
Shall thrill the conqueror's guilty soul.

Thy dauntless Charles shall never die,
Though pierc'd by rapine's gory spear—
Still, hov'ring in his native sky,
His ghost would in thy van appear.

Through ev'ry age shall Aspern's plain
Record the valour of the dead;
And bards shall raise the sounding strain
For those who rest in glory's bed!

HUMBLE ATTEMPTS
AT
HORSE-LAUGHS;
DEDICATED TO THE AUTHOR
OF
BROAD GRINS.

“Risune inepto nulla res ineptior?”

“Inefficax ineptior ploratio.”

Apud. Lat. Scrip. Med. Æv.

1877-1878

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HUMBLE ATTEMPTS
AT
HORSE-LAUGHS,
&c. &c.

THERE is a club of very pretty gentlemen,
(Held at a coffee-house in London city,)
Who in the winter months meet now and then,
Not to blaspheme, talk treason, and be witty,
But, with an appetite and welcome hearty,
To form a kind of conversation party.
These, when they've ate enough to do them good,
And rapid waiters have remov'd the food,
Draw their arm-chairs close round the blazing hearth,
The happiest circle in the earth,

Some pleasant eight or six;—
 And in the midst their social table fix,
 And circulate the glass, where brightly shines,
 The ruddy produce of Burgundian vines.

It was a night, as I can well remember,
 Just at the cold finale of December,
 When the white houses with their snowy flakes
 Made a metropolis of large twelfth-cakes;
 When, through the melancholy streets around,
 The hackney coaches roll'd, with dull and muffled sound—
 That the said club sate joyously together,
 Cheering the dark despondence of the weather,
 With light and desultory conversation,
 That touch'd not on the business of the nation,
 But took a literary turn, and briefly
 Skimm'd various volumes, works of humour chiefly—
 Remarking that these works were fewer,
 And worse (though not with spirit of reviewer)

Than sermons, published by request,
 Such as Pomposo preaches ;
 Or thoughts, in house of parliament exprest,
 The substance of Lord Drawler's speeches.

“ We've hardly,” said the president,
 “ A lucky tale of merriment,
 “ Convey'd in language elegant and terse,
 “ And in a flowing easiness of verse,
 “ (Though laughing moralists, I must suppose,
 “ Might grin advice in verse as well as prose)
 “ Save what our noble writers stole
 “ From Chaucer and Boccace—
 “ Stole in such guise, that they must not be reckon'd
 “ Among the plagiarists of meaner class ;
 “ But worthy of the praise of Charles the Second,
 “ Who swore, upon his soul,
 “ When told that Dryden stole some fav'rite play,
 “ I wish you'd steal such for me ev'ry day.”

Then spoke a member sitting by the fire,

“ Nobody tells a tale in verse like Prior^a—

“ Nor at this failure need we marvel:

“ Paulo Purganti, and Hans Carvel,

“ Are in those happier strains of wit,

“ One in a century is born to hit—

“ ’Tis—as I hope .

“ You’ll all excuse my quoting it from Pope,

“ True wit—’tis nature to advantage drest—

“ What oft was thought, but ne’er so well exprest.”

^a Prior—The following lines are quoted from Jackson’s Essays. He prints them in a note ; saying they were written in a blank leaf of Prior’s Poems.

Mat Prior (to me ’tis exceedingly plain)

Deserves to be reckon’d the English Fontaine;

And Monsieur la Fontaine can never go higher

Than praise to obtain as the French Matthew Prior.

Thus when Elizabeth desir’d,

That Melville would acknowledge fairly,

Whether herself he most admir’d,

Or his own sovereign, Lady Mary,

The puzzled knight his answer thus exprest,

“ In her own country *each* is handsomest!”

Another member here reminds his friend,
 If his remarks should not be near their end,
 Perhaps he'd better fill his glass,
 Just let the standing bottle pass,

And then proceed

With the confession of his humourous creed.

The hint is taken, and the list'ning room
 Request the speaker to resume—

“ But let us not deny to modern merit

“ The praise it justly may inherit—

“ Though crazy tales are now forgot,

“ Whether from just neglect or not,

“ Upon the whole, I don't pretend to say—

“ Yet have they had their day,

“ And we must have strange muscles to peruse,

“ The quaint vagaries of that playful muse

“ Without a smile—howe'er the smutty page

“ May shock the feelings of a modest age.”

Here a grave member spoke—

“ I cannot suffer you to pass a joke

“ On this most virtuous æra—when I see

“ Such few examples of adultery ;

“ And every thing my reason to convince

“ That before Queen Elizabeth, or since,

“ There never was so chaste a time,

“ In this most favour'd nation ;

“ So godly in its conversation,

“ So simple in its prose, so harmless in its rhyme !”

“ Forbid it, Sir,” the speaker made reply,

“ That I should deal in irony—

“ I mean exactly what I here assert :

“ And, lest you should pervert

“ My farther meaning, will declare

“ What humorous works, and who the authors are,

“ I wish to praise

“ In these our days,

“ And offer them my humble compliment,

“ In answer to our worthy president ;

“ Who seem’d forgetful of the fact I

“ Will lay before the company,

“ And has stood forth unusually

“ ^a *Laudator temporis acti.*”

After a bumper volunteer’d,

(Not fin’d for quoting Latin at the table)

The speaker, by the members cheer’d,

Proceeded thus, as well as he was able.

“ Hail, humorous Colman ! whose mirth-loving mind

“ Has left e’en waggish Pindar far behind !

“ To whom their laurels in the laughing field

“ Bubble and Squeak, and Salmagundi, yield !

“ Whose Grins indeed are Broad, for they embrace

“ The tickled muscles of each British face ;

“ Please Paddy, John, and Taffy pepper-hot,

“ And curl the dimples of the high-cheek’d Scot ;

^a An encomiast of times past.

" Till, through the breadth of our united isles,
 " Spreads one wide mouth of universal smiles ;
 " Making that mouth just like a farm appear,
 " That on short lease is let from *year to year* !
 " Oh, *annual* be your grins, and, if you will,
 " Democritus the younger, *broad*er still !
 " Till, as your wit in native cups it quaffs,
 " The continent *incontinently* laughs !
 " And you, *translated* still from *sea to sea*,
 " Become ARCHBISHOP of Festivity,
 " Primate of pun adroit, and banter merry,
 " And born to tell new tales of *Canterbury* !

" Not here thy nobler comic lyre I name,
 " Swept with the force of Genius' living flame—
 " (That lyre thy grateful country owns with pride,
 " And ranks her Colman by his Father's side)
 " Thy lighter *jeux d'esprit* I dare to hail,
 " In the faint copy of a grinning tale,
 " The feeble echo of thy sportive line—
 " And vainly wish thy 'gown and slippers' mine !

* 'Ασβεστος δ' ἄρ' ἐνῶρτο γελῶς μακαρεσσι βρεταannois.

“Teach me, as Swift and Sterne have left thee there,
 “To laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair!”

The club was quite astonish'd to detect
 A convert to the rhyming sect,
 One of their sagest members—not displeas'd,
 The opportunity they seiz'd
 (After another batch of Burgundy
 Was plac'd upon the board,
 And to the New-found-land of poetry
 A brimming toast was pour'd)—
 To hear how he would strive to hit
 The manner of so choice a wit;
 And all resolv'd, if he should fail,
 To laugh—not *with*—but *at* the author of the tale.

But cold and short solicitation
 Will easily persuade a poet,
 If he has any thing on foot to show it—
 However, with most kind participation,

This club received the wishes of their friends,
 And all the silent throng attends,
 Passing the bottle with a nod and laugh
 To him who was the next to quaff,
 While thus the trembling bard,
 Who (much as those may think,
 Who never with him drink,
 He's impudent and vain)
 Well knows the weakness of his strain,
 Stands in some need of favour and regard,
 And really does not possess
 A fearless freedom of address—
 (Save when assail'd by vulgar foes
 He deals them a few hearty blows,)
 The trembling bard thus sung or said,
 What, if ye please, below may soon be read.

THE TALE OF MASTER FRANCIS RABELAIS.*

READERS ! you all have heard, or some of you,

At least a few,

The tale of Miss Jaqueta's marriage

To Luke Gourdon—it is not very new—

And my excuse for hashing one so old,

Is this—if bad, a tale's not worth the carriage,

Though coined but yesterday;

If good, it cannot be too often told.

The Reverend Master Francis Rabelais

Was curate of—no matter where—

Whether in Perche, or Picardy,

In Normandy, or Britany,

Anjou, Touraine,

Or Maine,

On the Garonne, Loire, Seine, Isere,

Or any other river whatsoe'er,

* This tale is by a friend.

I should have been a staunch petitioner,
 To be admitted Rabelais' parishioner.
 —Such laughing, jeering, and such fun,
 Such bussing chambermaid, such bilking dun,
 Such snoring day, such roaring night,
 Such wassailing by candle light,
 Such rousing fires, with logs in plenty,
 And sippet-brewice to content ye,
 So short a grace before you dine,
 So little water, so much wine,
 Such drawing corks, such spilling liquor,
 Gods! what a life did Rabelais lead!
 He pleased the son of Semele indeed,
 As much, or more, than any English vicar.

But after all his roaring, drinking,
 His roystering, and vintage-thinking,
 His laughing, singing, baking, brewing—
 He was too good a pastor to his church
 To leave a lady in the lurch
 As I've been doing.

Lord knows, if he had staid so long to prate,

And Miss Jaqueta had so long to wait

Performance of the marriage-rite,

While by her side her Luke attended,

They might have changed the ceremony quite,

Beginning where they should have ended:

Now whether Master Rabelais knew

More than my readers do,

Or only guess'd;

He thought it would not be amiss,

On such a grave solemnity as this,

To have his jest.

Therefore, before the noose was tied,

He question'd thus the bride:

“Young woman, I must ask, before we further go,

“Are you a maid or no?”

“Yes, Lord be prais'd”—thus, simpering, replied

The bride—

“ As good a maid as Queen Elizabeth ^a—

“ And, but for Luke, will so remain till death.”

Rejoin'd the priest—“ I'm glad of what you say—

“ When maidens chaste and sober marry,

“ 'Tis right to pray

“ To all the virgin saints that are

“ Impannel'd in the calendar ;

“ And they need never fear their pray'rs miscarry.

“ But if the bride has been unwise,

“ And barter'd for her naughty pleasure

“ That which an honest girl should prize

“ Above all measure,

“ Her virgin treasure—

“ Our church most sagely doth ordain

“ The service of the Magdalene—

“ So, if the wench hath told a fib, God save her !

“ She surely dies within a week ;

“ And (much I fear) for this her slippery freak

“ The devil will have her.

^a An Anacronism in a Horse-Laugh is, perhaps, not of much consequence—a *date* is here hardly worth a *fig*.

“ Therefore be wise, young woman, and confess,

“ (Confession cannot hurt you)—

“ If any vine-dresser’s genteel address

“ Has undermin’d your virtue?”

“ So Mary shield me,” said the bride again,

“ I never knew none of those nasty men—

“ So, Reverend Father, if you please,

“ We’ll with the Magdalene dispense,

“ And say the pray’r ‘ ad Virgines’—

“ I’ll answer for the consequence.”

So said the blushing maid—Luke paid the money

Due for his marriage-halter—

The priest turn’d o’er his breviary and psalter,

And all was ready for the ceremony—

All—all—except the bride—

Who just reflected

That by the wise no caution is neglected—

So took the priest aside,

And whisper'd softly in his ear—

“ Although I swear

“ That I'm a maid, as chaste as driven snow—

“ Yet, as times go,

“ A virgin can't be too secure—

“ (And that I'm one I do again aver it,)

“ So (come a little nearer to the door)

“ Most Reverend Father, if you please,

“ After you've read the pray'r 'ad Virgines,'

“ Add of the Magdelene a verse or too—

“ Pray do !

“ But not so loud that Luke may hear it.”



The sly arch look, and whispering tone

In which the Rhymer spoke,

Made all his hearers' praise his own,

And gaily they enjoy'd the joke.

“ 'Tis somewhat smutty too, I must observe,”

Said the grave member who would never swerve

From his respectable decorum—
 But drily then began to set before them,
 How wits of France and Italy,
 Invent they e'er so prettily,
 Like singers of the latter nation
 Wanted some trifling amputation,
 Before they were sufficiently refin'd,
 And virtuous for an English mind.

How that obscene Bandello
 Was an abominable fellow ;
 How Poggio of Florence
 Deserv'd our deep abhorrence ;
 But yet had been translated,
 (He blush'd as he related)

Last season in his grossest places
 (Such impudence our age disgraces!)

By one Cornelius Crambo,
 Whose style he thought was damn'd low,
 Yet savour'd of a humourist
 Well-known, if we to rumour list—

- “ But why should English authors roam
 “ For humour, plentiful at home?
 “ Where are more ample stores for pillage
 “ Than in the circle of a country village?
 “ Our genuine character is form’d for fun ;
 “ The meat is ready to our hand ;
 “ Let it be well and quickly done,
 “ I warrant it will please our native land—
 “ And if con spirito rehears’d,
 “ And with a touch of feeling interspers’d,
 “ A tale related by my cousin,
 “ (Who, were he here, would tell you half-a-dozen)
 “ If I can well remember it, may please you—
 “ But pray don’t let me teaze you,
 “ Unless you wish the fable”—

The glasses rang upon the table,
 And all cried out, “ the tale, the tale,
 “ A little history, and a little ale !”

THE BACHELOR'S TALE.

PART THE FIRST.

YOUNG Harry Johnson, and old Thomas White,

Conversing at the alehouse sate one night,

When Thomas said to Harry,

“ Why don’t you marry?

“ You’ve got a pretty farm, and pigs, and cows,

“ And all you want to finish it’s a spouse.”

“ To finish it, indeed,” sly Hal replied—

“ So, Thomas, here’s my service to your bride”—

Old Thomas took the can, and drank and sigh’d.

“ Thomas,” resum’d the lad,

“ Thy counsel is but bad.

“ Still, like old Æsop’s fox, who lost his tail,

“ And labour’d to prevail

- “ Upon his wiser brethren to adopt
 “ His fashion, and be cropt,
 “ You married gentlemen most kindly strive
 “ To lead us bachelors to wive.
 “ But, heav’n be thank’d, I know the tricks
 “ Of all you cunning benedicts—
 “ A name, as Latin grammars ran,
 “ Which ought to signify a blessed man;
 “ But giv’n in joke
 “ To wedded folk.
 “ I read, as soon as I was able,
 “ In holy writ, and heathen fable,
 “ Of wretched husbands by their wives deluded,
 “ And thought my horn-book ne’er would be concluded.
 “ The faults of women all the world deplore—
 “ This is a shrew, and that is—^a something more—
 “ Two families there are
 “ Throughout the globe;

^a Vide Broad Grins.

“ Daughters of Mrs. Potiphar,

“ And Mrs. Job.

“ After all this, I need not tip ye

“ The story of Xantippe,

“ Disturber of the ease

“ Of Socrates—

“ Nor how poor Milo found,

“ When forc’d to roam,

“ Returning home,

“ All fruitful but his ground !

“ Nor many another tale I read at school—

“ Of Vulcan, who was far from fool,

“ And, Thomas, I must say between us,

“ Deserv’d a better wife than Venus”—

(Here Thomas heav’d another sigh,

And drank the sounding tankard dry)

“ Of Agamemnon, bless my life!

“ Both horn’d and murder’d by his bloody wife!

“ But these, you’ll say, were ancient codgers;

“ Then turn to all our modern Rogers,

" Our Jacks, and Dicks, and Toms, and Willies,
 " All bachelors, just like Achilles,
 " All running wild, and free, and loose,
 " From that same noose."

Old Thomas White a sturdy blacksmith was ;
 And, as it came to pass,
 A son of Mars,
 Returning lately from the foreign wars,
 Had cast an eye of amorous delight
 On Mrs. White.

 Now whether she return'd
 The glance that burn'd
 Was doubtful—but as plain
 As Bonaparte's villany to Spain,
 The fact appear'd to jealous Thomas—
 Heav'n keep that green-ey'd monster from us !
 So Thomas swore,
 And fretted sore,

And led his wife

So damn'd a life,

That she, in agonizing rage, exclaim'd,

“Thou shalt have cause for thy suspicion,

“Thou wretch of low condition!

“Thomas, you ought to be asham'd

“To wrong a virtuous woman so—

“I don't deserve it, that I don't,

“I won't endure it, that I won't”—

And then she burst into a flood of tears,

Shriek'd in his frighten'd ears,

And fainted, “Oh, Oh, Oh!”

Young Harry Johnson heard this scene;

There was but a thin wall between

His cottage and the White's:

He heard them days and nights

Wrangling,

And brangling;

Crying,
 And dying,
 Screaming,
 Blaspheming,
 Kissing and cooing,
 And vowing that each was the other's whole ruin—
 Cursing and swearing,
 And leading a life that was past all bearing—
 So the hint
 About Vulcan, had vinegar in't—
 And Thomas turn'd round his quid in his mouth,
 Look'd east and west, and north and south,
 And stately thus began—

“ Young man !

“ Thy schoolboy tale

“ Is stale.”

Thus having said, Old Thomas paus'd and drank,
 Drank and paus'd,

And paus'd and drank again—

“ In persons of high rank

“ It may be so—the fault is caus'd

“ By too much Ven'son and Champagne—

“ As to that book

“ Publish'd by Mr. Took,

“ From which you quote your goddesses and gods,

“ I too have been at school with other clods,

“ And know the Trojan Agamemnon,

“ And Vulcan's forges apud Lemnon—

“ So, Harry, there's a smack of Latin,

“ A tongue you seem so pat in—

“ But read the book of life, my boy,

“ And leave at school the tale of Troy.

“ As I was saying, it must be allow'd,

“ Among the rich and proud

“ Adultery is no such strange offence,

“ That men of sense

“ Should marry fashionable wives,

“ And hope to change their giddy lives—

- “ For pleasure is the door to sin,
 “ (Hostess! a glass of gin—)
 “ And such their junketting and riot,
 “ Their hatred for content and quiet,
 “ Their living all the spring in town,
 “ Their never coming down
 “ To help the poor about their country seat,
 “ But, in the summer’s heat,
 “ Going to watering places,
 “ In autumn to the races,
 “ In winter, (Oh! it moves my wrath)
 “ In winter they must go to Bath—
 “ And all this while
 “ (It makes me smile)
 “ The husbands know as little of their spouses
 “ As if they liv’d in different houses—
 “ So newspapers and novels tell us,
 “ Goods which our bookshops let or sell us,
 “ And Mrs. White is very fond
 “ Of that shop by the pond—

“ But though our betters oft in marriage

“ Meet nothing but miscarriage,

“ Not so ourselves—we have, ’tis true,

“ Hard work to do,

“ And times are hard, and proverbs cry

“ That love will from the window fly,

“ When poverty has reach’d the door—

“ But, Harry, as I’ve said before

“ To many young ones, like yourself,

“ Get but enough of ready pelf,

“ And spite of quarrels (nature’s weakness —

“ Truth does not always dwell with meekness)

“ Spite of those thousand human errors

“ Which fill your breast with causeless terrors,

“ Marry—and you will find your heart

“ Improv’d, by learning to impart

“ The blessings of your lot to her

“ Whom love instructs you to prefer ;

“ By learning with your wife to share

“ Th’ appointed load of mortal care.”

Scarce had Old Thomas clos'd his speech,
 When childish screams the alehouse réach,
 And, bursting through the kitchen door,
 Two boys are roll'd upon the floor—
 Straight to Old Thomas' knees they run,
 And cry, "dear father! we're undone!
 "Our poor mamma is forc'd away—
 "We saw her get into a *chay*
 "With that fine gentleman who lives beyond
 "The Library at the Pond."

I ne'er could tell a tale of woe—
 And so,
 I wave the monstrous oaths that Thomas swore,
 Running the country o'er—
 And only now explain,
 Until my tale begins again,
 How Harry, sure of all he thought before,
 Went home, confirm'd a bachelor.

The member paus'd—the club his tale approv'd,

And ask'd him for the toast that best he lov'd:

The toast he gave is not for publication ;

'Twas not Platonic, though 'twas esoteric—

He drank it—then went on with his narration

In strains more musical, though not Homeric.

THE BACHELOR'S TALE,

PART THE SECOND.

OF village maids young Lucy was the flow'r,

And blooming were her charms;

But, innocence her only dow'r,

She bless'd no husband's arms.

The sordid swains, unmov'd, behold

The pious virgin's care

Attend a mother, sick and old,

With fond and fervent pray'r.

But Henry's heart was touch'd to see

So young, so fair a maid

Droop o'er the couch of poverty,

And lend a parent aid.

Yet still his wayward fancy strays

To wedlock's wrangling curse;

And much he fears that holy phrase

“For better or for worse.”

By secret sums he help'd the dame

On sickness' pillow laid;

But scorn'd to feed a lover's flame,

And fled the beauteous maid.

It chanc'd one morn she took her way

To Kingswood's neighb'ring town,

When scarce the dawning smile of day

Had lit the forest brown.

And there the wakeful Henry too
 By chance had met the morn,
 And brush'd in haste the pearly dew
 From many a glitt'ring thorn.

"Ah! Lucy, you!" the lover cried,
 A lover now in truth—
 The blushing damsel strove to hide
 Her purpose from the youth.

Yet, won at length by kind address,
 And eager to explain
 Her early walk, her lips confess
 A tale of deepest pain.

The secret aid the dame receiv'd
 With grateful tears was told;
 And, though the lover's heart was griev'd,
 It scarce for joy could hold.

His hand unknown was warmly prais'd;

They ought not to complain—

But times were hard, and rent was rais'd,

And all their toil was vain!

But illness too severely prest

Upon the old and poor;

So well was sold a Sunday vest

To help a mother's cure.

The lover's heart could bear no more—

It throbb'd with transport wild,

And op'd a hospitable door

For parent and for child.

No railer now at wedded life,

Our alter'd farmer see;

Blest in a fair, a virtuous wife,

Nor wishing to be free.

Zounds! what a strange digression,

This matrimonial episode!

Sirs, I'm a rambler by profession,

And I will chuse my road.

Wholly despairing to obtain

The playful Colman's humorous vein;

But hoping in his track to find

The gleaner's portion left behind.

Now Thomas White,

Who was not right

In his suspicion of the officer,

Injurious to his lady's character,

For she, good soul! was innocent

Of martial beaux, and simply was content

With the smart neighbour of the bookseller,

A gentleman of private means,

Who for amusement painted scenes—

Thomas, I say,

Return'd one day,

After a fruitless and provoking search

For her he took to church,

(Her, whom he wish'd, for her ungodly revel,

That any one had taken to the devil,)

Return'd exhausted to the blacksmith's shop,

Ready to drop—

And, entering at his neighbour Harry's door,

Cried, "Holla! Mr. Bachelor!

"Give me a cup of ale! for heav'n's sake give!—

"A woman, as I live!—

"Madam—I beg your pardon—but suppose—

"He, he, ha, ha!—I'm very rude—who knows?

"Poor Harry, you know!"

Out Thomas ran, and cried—"I'm curst

"If I shan't burst—

"Married, by Jupiter!"—"I am, by Juno!"

"And you so late

"The fiery advocate

“ Of this most honourable marriage state,
 “ Can hardly turn, like modern politician,
 “ With matchless expedition,
 “ From side to side,
 “ And now deride
 “ Your once rever’d condition!”

Harry forgot, that cut and thrust,
 As all your turncoats must,
 His argument would fit himself as tight
 As Thomas White.

’Tis very odd, but still ’tis true,
 What we have done when others do,
 We blame their error, and our own o’erlook,
 Just like King David in the holy book.

To close my tale—Old Thomas never heard
 Another word

Of his abominable wife—and blind
 (Oh! blessing of the human mind!)

To the plain likeness in his children's face,
 (A likeness not a gossip fail'd to trace,
 And mention all about the place),
 To that said neighbour of the bookseller
 Whom Mrs. White to Thomas did prefer—
 Thomas, I say, kept shoeing horses still,
 Had his own will,
 Went to the alehouse every night,
 D——'d Mrs. White,
 And with horse-laugh full often question'd Harry,
 “ Why did you marry?”
 Sly Hal would laugh again—and o'er his ale
 Thus often speak the moral of my tale.

 “ When liquorish age, that wants a nurse,
 “ Begins the wedded life,
 “ *The neighbourhood is not the worse
 “ For such a dotard's wife.

* This may be thought paradoxical

“ But perish he, whose grov’ling thought

“ Would wrong the woman’s truth,

“ Who to his young embraces brought

“ Her beauty and her youth.”



The Burgundy had pass’d about the board

So freely during this relation,

That, hark ! the President most sweetly snor’d,

Just like a watchman on his station.

With prompt apology, he cried—

“ Dear Sir, I rather would have died

“ Than thus have gone to sleep in your narration,

“ Had I not heard the tale, times half-a-dozen,

“ From your facetious cousin.

“ I’m bound to make amends

“ For this great rudeness to my friends ;

“ And will myself, so please you, tell a story,

“ That never yet was brought before ye ; —

“ A story found on a fact I heard,

“ Upon my word,

“ When travelling the northern road, I came

“ To an old city that I will not name—

“ Meanwhile, my worthy bachelor,

“ You have it in your pow’r,

“ By snoring loudly, to retort my rudeness”—

Thus spoke the chief, with his accustom’d shrewdness,

And, as his tale began,

(He was a stout, tall, large, and portly man,)

In the deep silence of the club he read

Their pleas’d attention to each word he said.

THE TURBOT AND SAUCE.

Down in the north of England liv’d a peer,

Lord Daudle ;

With fifty thousand pounds a-year,

Some of it mortgag’d—but no matter—

'Tis something very near the mark—

And, at the bottom of his park,

Liv'd Dr. Caudle,

Much poorer than his lordship, though much fatter :

Not that his lordship wanted fat,

For ev'ry day in a large vat

Full of hot horse-dung to the brim,*

To make his person delicate and slim

His servants buried him—

Which, though perchance it might have made him neater,

Could not, I think, have made his lordship sweeter :

Though, ere in excrement they did impanel

My lord, they cas'd him in a suit of flannel ;

Then, hissing from his bed of dung,

Into a bath of parboil'd water flung.

But to the real purpose of my story,

For this is a digression—

Our Dr. Caudle, whom I set before ye,

Was an apothecary by profession.

* This description is taken from the life.

He'd walk'd the hospitals in town,
 And to his native county walking down,
 Began to bleed, give clysters, and trepan,
 And play the midwife like a man,
 To purge, to pill, and pillage—
 Call'd Dr. by the courtesy of the village,
 He was a short, thick, round, and squabby fellow,
 Who lov'd good eating, and got very mellow,
 When illness at the castle gave pretence
 For dining at my Lord's expense,
 With housekeeper and butler :—
 Mortar and pestle were laid by,
 He was not an apothecary,
 When, entering into friendly conversation,
 And canvassing the business of the nation
 With Mrs. Bridget this enormous guttler
 Would stay, till summon'd to a labour
 By some prolific neighbour.

It chanc'd, among his patients, that my Lord
 Was indispos'd—and, though he much abhorr'd

Caudle's whole magazine of doctor's stuff,
And soon exclaim'd, "hold, hold, enough!"

(Loud as Macbeth's defiance to Macduff)

Some med'cine he was forc'd to take,

As nice as art, well-paid, could make.

In gratitude for Caudle's skill,

Lord Daudle, now no longer ill,

Sent him a handsome present

Of fish—for game was not in season—

And for this reason

He did not send a pheasant,

A bird that Caudle thought delicious :

It was a turbot, weighing pounds, he sent,

With it a pretty compliment

From my Lord Daudle

To Dr. Caudle,

And a large bottle, letter'd Italiano,

A sauce for fish, entitled "Gargliano."

The present was judicious;

'Twas Mrs. Caudle's birth-day, and

(Strange sympathy of stars above !)

'Twas on this day she gave her hand

To Caudle, conqueror of her virgin love!

But now the turbot smok'd upon the board,

And Caudle, with most flippant ostentation,

Produc'd the letter from my lord

That grac'd the kind donation—

Then, as his wife was helping to the fish,

(That lay extended in the dish

Like a fat patient on his back in bed,)

Eager to prove

My lord and he were hand and glove,

He thus the letter read—

(The style was full of neat abbreviation,

And, like a person of distinguish'd station,

So fast and ill his lordship wrote

That you could scarcely make his meaning out.^a

^a Tyrwhitt humorously supposes that Sir Thybott Gorges wrote some of Rowley's illegible manuscripts—as a man of rank, not valuing calligraphy.

Daud. Cast. June 20 1809.

Lord Daud. presents compts. to Doc^r. Caud. begs
accept Turbot—bottle Gargliano—fish sauce—late im-
ported from Italy.

“ ’Tis written very prettily ! ”

Th’ apothecary cries, “ and Betty ! .

“ Hand the green bottle round the table ! ”

But, Oh ! the wit of Hogarth scarce were able

To paint the screwing of the faces,

And strange genteel grimaces

Made by the Doctor’s party,

As, with applauses far from hearty,

And nausea turn’d to compliment,

They smack’d their lips, and vow’d, “ ’Tis excellent !

“ How it improves the fish ! upon my word

“ Most tasteful is the palate of my lord ! ”

There sate th’ exciseman, and the parson here,

Equal devourers of the doctor’s cheer !

So have I seen
 At Turnham Green,
 At the Pack-horse, (the Old Pack-horse, I mean)
 A Berkshire and a Shropshire man combine
 Their mutual appetites, to show
 Who best for eighteenpence could dine,
 Who bid the beer most freely flow.

Long hung the victory, with balanc'd weights,
 Between the clergyman and gauger ;
 They ate exactly as if sixty plates
 In sixty minutes was the wager.

But now the Gargliano turn'd the scale—
 The clergyman was put to bed
 Sick at his stomach, and his head,
 And turning deadly pale—
 “ Oh ! the fish sauce ! ” he cried,
 And thought he should have died.

When he was gone, "poor artifice!"

Th' exciseman cried, "the parson's mighty nice!

" And, when he's gorg'd himself with meat,

" And drank—God bless me!

" His drinking did distress me—

" He thinks to blind us with the cheat

" Of something that has put him in commotion—

" Pshaw! 'twas a drop in such an ocean."

The sly apothecary, pleas'd

To see his guests diseas'd,

As he was sure

By doses for their cure

To be the winner,

And pay himself, most amply, for his dinner,

Prescrib'd emetics, and return'd to table;

Got off to tea as soon as he was able,

Ask'd if they'd take another glass,

But did not let the bottle pass—

Sate down to cards, and as his trade is,

Talk'd civil nonsense to the ladies ;

While, all around, his guests declar'd

They never had so nobly far'd,

And envied Dr. Caudle

His intimacy with the great Lord Daudle.

“ An intimacy much increas'd

“ Of late—his lordship donor of the feast—

“ Familiar nods, and dinners at the hall”—

Thus, swell'd with pride,

The doctor lied.

Judging from all,

The party could not but suppose

That Caudle stood quite high in favour—

And yet, God knows,

It was not from behaviour,

Nor skill in med'cine—whispering thus they spoke,

And made, as people will, their friend a joke,

Hinting that sure he never could presume

To pass the bounds of Mrs. Bridget's room.

So sped the nuptial anniversary

And natal day of Mrs. Caudle :

When, on the morrow, the apothecary

Was summon'd to attend Lord Daudle.

He found his lordship in the park—delighted

To think himself invited

To pay a visit out of his profession,

'Twas pleasing past expression!—

Particularly when he saw

With mingled ecstasy and awe

A public breakfast on the green,

And, adding lustre to the scene,

A bevy of fair dames

Of truly noble names,

Their cicisbeos and their spouses,

And the young hopes of many high-born houses.

The Duke of Donothing, and he

The pride of our nobility

Lord Emptyhead, and Lady Runaway,

Who married her seducer t'other day.

The honourable Miss O'Connor,
 With nothing but her honour;
 And young Jack Littlewit, who said
 But little since his wife was dead—
 She lent poor Jack his store of jokes,
 To sport with fashionable folks;
 Herself contented to be call'd "Tenth Muse,"
 And write for the reviews.

To this assembly Caudle was produc'd,
 And by his lordship introduc'd.
 "So, Caudle," says my lord, "how do to-day?
 "How did you like the turbot, pray,
 "And Gargliano, that I sent you—
 "I don't intend to compliment you,
 "But all your neighbourhood unite to say
 "You are a judge—of eating."

"My lord—your lordship is too good—
 "I am not over curious in my food—

“ But some few neighbours I was treating,

“ And really the picquant savour,

“ Nay, the delightful pungent flavour

“ Of that fish sauce was exquisite—

“ My guests were charm'd with it.

“ Old Dr. Dewlap did indeed presume

“ To say it made him ill; but all the room

“ Laugh'd at the gormandizing vicar:

“ And Cheatwell, the best judge of ev'ry liquor

“ I ever knew, my lord, declar'd

“ With all the rest, how nobly he had far'd—

“ Thanks to your lordship's kindness.”—

“ And, Caudle, to your blindness,

“ And want of sinell and taste!”

(Pursued the peer

With merry jeer)

“ I never like, my learned friend, to waste

“ Your precious med'cines—and the last you gave me,

“ (Heav'n from so vile a potion save me!)

“ I did but sip—and make the label longer—

“ The devil could not make the GARGLE stronger!

“ This was your Gargliano—not from Rome—

“ But from that hoard of stinkpots—Caudle’s home!”

—— “ My Lord Daudle,”

Exclaim’d the agitated Caudle,

“ This is too much!”—while all around

With more than fashionable sound,

Persons of rank for once laugh’d out,

And join’d in something like a vulgar shout.

Caudle is not to be appeas’d by words,

Or even compliments from lords—

Rises in boiling fury, and departs,

D——s, in low murmurs, all their hearts,

And swears, if ever he’s employ’d again,

“ Revenge!” as farther from the lawn he gets,

And through the park impetuously sweats,

“ Revenge!” in audible and lofty strain,

“ Revenge!” in accents most unlike Soprano,

For that abominable Gargliano!

" And I will send," he cries, " so strong a dose,
 " That it shall tame this frolicsome Lord Daudle,
 " If not dismiss him to his last repose"—
 Nor can I blame thee, Caudle !

The Gargliano tickled all the club :
 They thought it a most happy rub,
 Rememb'ring Phalaris's brazen bull,
 Which with the hapless maker he cramm'd full,
 (Though my lord cramm'd the doctor with his' stuff)
 And thinking it was right enough,
 Artificers of death, who ply the healing trade,
 Should perish by the drugs themselves have made !

The president

Was well content

To find his tale succeeded to his wishes—

But, since the second appetite began

To eat the stomach of each jovial man,

He bade the board be cover'd with cold dishes,

With pickles, vinegar, and salad,

All that could cool the palate—

And not forgetting oysters,

(A favourite food with midnight roysters,)

And ordering brandy, and hot water,

Sugar, and rum, and lemon,

(Punch fit for merry *gemmen*)

To be united in a bowl

By that most delicate and dainty soul,

The tavern-keeper's daughter

The president, I say,

Pleas'd with the frolic of the day,

By praise inspir'd,

By liquor fir'd,

Declar'd, if they would like to hear

Another anecdote of that same peer,

He thought his verse extempore would run
O'er the strange antics of his lordship's fun.

The room resounded with their glad applause,
Loud as it echoes in the courts of laws,
When merry counsel help the grave decision,
And justice is promoted by derision.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

THE funny peer, I mentioned in my last,
Who furnish'd Caudle's delicate repast,
And punish'd with his own vile potions
That man of plaisters and of lotions,
That man of pill, electuary, and clyster—

Had got a married sister,
Who liv'd, most kindly, in his lordship's house,
With several near relations of her spouse,

A captain of great military fame,

Cuckow by name.

Three years had now elaps'd, since Hymen,

(The god who loves to tie men

With cords that sometimes gall their necks

To gentle partners of the other sex)

Had joy'd to see the captain married

To lady Eloisa Daudle—

And three times had her ladyship miscarried,

Under the sole mismanagement of Caudle.

Excuses on excuses had been made

For the long time the captain staid

An inmate with his noble brother—

But still the gentleman staid on,

Though now his stock of lies was gone,

Nor could he tell another—

Tir'd with his guest, who paid a visitation

Beyond all reasonable computation,

My lord resolv'd to try

A plan infallible to drive away
 All visitors who make too long a stay—
 Which, for the service of society,
 And many a suff'ring housekeeper's relief,
 Is told in brief
 To all who wish to know
 Below.

His lordship built a house—nay more—
 He fill'd it with an ample store
 Of furniture—and air'd it thoroughly—
 Ready to enter on immediately,
 Without a moment's warning—
 Order'd his carriage early in the morning,
 And bag and baggage clapp'd in
 Belonging to his sister and the captain;
 To whom, and whose astonish'd spouse
 He made a present of the furnish'd house:

And, telling them he'd soon partake their pottage,

At Turnout cottage,

Bade them adieu with courteous air,

Regardless of the captain's stare.

The captain, pocketting th' affront, departed,

Though gossips say my lady smarted

For brother Daudle's insolence—

However he forgot th' offence

When, new and bright,

A red brick house, with window frames of white,

Appear'd in sight.

Lombardy poplars and Scotch firs were seen

On each side of the green,

Like gawky partners at a country ball;

And full in front

A Naiad spouting from her fount

A pleasant waterfall.

And, in the centre of the pales,

(Painted clear white, the same

As ev'ry window frame)

Over the gate

Placed tête à tête

The teeth of two enormous whales.

In ecstasy the captain cried,

To his right honourable bride,

“ My dear !

“ Look here !”

Still more delighted to behold the house

Quite furnish'd for himself and spouse,

Her handmaid and his gentleman—

“ My dear, we've only got to look

“ Out for a cook !”

(’Twas thus the captain's feelings overran)

“ And get provision from the town

“ For pantry, larder, cellar—

“ But John is such a stupid clown,

“ So countrified a fellow,

“ That I myself will go to market, and

“ Order all necessaries out of hand

“ To Captain Cuckow’s.”—Off the captain went,

And, with an air of independence, sent

A whole cartload of eatables

For dinner and for tea-tables,

To Cuckow-lodge—(for so the captain spoke,

Though Turnout-cottage was his lordship’s joke)

Going, with easy impudence of face,

To almost every tradesman in the place,

Wine-merchant, grocer, butcher, baker—

All nearly, but the undertaker.

“ Sherry, three dozen, for a taste—

“ Six ditto port, in urgent haste,

“ Particular in port—the oldest bin—

“ Such as you send my brother in,

“ Lord Daudle—and you, Mr. Hyson,

“ My Lady Cuckow will be here, and buy soon

“ Some of your gunpowder—but send to-day

“ Three pound souchong,

“ And don’t be long

“ I pray.

“ Good Mr. Calveshead, you’re the chief

“ And most important personage

“ At villa or at parsonage:

“ So send me a surloin of beef,

“ Of veal a fillet;

“ (But bleed it ere you kill it)

“ Mutton a saddle, as the weather’s cold,

“ (I like it small and old)

“ To hang a week or so.”—With gallant air

Thus the new housekeeper provides his fare,

And gives so large an order,

That, judging from his speech and look,

You might have taken him for lord, or

Duke.

Nor was a thing forgotten to complete

His household comfort—but so much to eat,

(My lady fear’d it hardly would be sweet)

So much to drink, and such a load of coals,

(God bless their souls!)

Their cottage was the land of plenty,

And held enough for twenty.

Now, after a late dinner with his spouse,

By way of warming their new house,

In which the captain ate of every dish,

Both soup and fish,

And swallow'd a good plump roast chicken—

While Lady Cuckow sate genteely picking

Wings, breast, legs, rump, and sidebones of another—

They drank a bumper to their brother,

And, with the merry juice inspir'd,

To bed retir'd,

Where we will leave them through the night in quiet,

To slumber off the day's unusual riot.

Now morning dawn'd—but gently, Mr. Bard!

Hold hard.

Morning has been describ'd in ev'ry feature,

By ev'ry rhyming creature.

Rather describe, my muse,

(Spoilt child of the reviews !

Fav'rite of candid critic,

Who deals in balderdash mephitic,)

The look aghast,

That chang'd to parsnips pale

A face as pickled cabbage red,

When, entering fast,

And running to her master's bed,

Poor Molly told a tale

Of wonder and of dread.

“ The larder's robb'd ! and every bit

“ Of meat your honour put in it

“ The thieves have carried off !” the captain

Beneath the bedclothes clapt in

His head, as soon as he had heard

Molly's terrific word.

But when he learnt the thieves were gone,
 Leapt up, and bellow'd out for John,
 To follow with his main and might,
 And join him in the dangerous fight.
 Too true, alas! was Molly's story—
 But I despair to set before ye
 The captain's rage, when he beheld
 His empty larder! lately fill'd
 With such prodigious belly stores—
 He curs'd the greedy sons of w——s,
 Who could devour such heaps of heavy fare,
 (Forgetting he himself had heap'd it there)
 And straight resolv'd that Justice Makepeace
 (A justice who refus'd to take fees)
 Should grant search warrants for each neighb'ring village,
 That he might find the authors of the pillage.

To shorten the remainder of my tale,

And duteously to follow

That order of Apollo,

‘ A little history and a little ale’—

I'll wet my muse's whistle

In this her task difficile,

And tell how Daudle Castle was disgrac'd,

When to its doors the captain's beef was trac'd,

When in its hall the captain's beef was found,

Nay, on its spit already turning round !

The captain, I assure ye,

Burst forth into no common fury,

Demanded vengeance of his noble brother,

On every son of mother,

That had assisted this ungodly plunder—

And swearing oaths

As terrible as those

The Rolliad wits bestow'd

On the Lord Chancellor in his laureat ode,

Roar'd through the castle with a voice of thunder!

When, with a mildness most polite,

His lordship thus address'd the furious wight—

“ Dear Cuckow! lay those looks of anger by—

“ My servants are most innocent :

“ Three years you plunder’d me—and I

“ One night return’d the compliment.”

Not all the company were lock’d in slumber,

When thus the president his story closes;

Though round the table more than half the number

Play’d a bassoon concerto with their noses.

The rest stole off; as now your poet steals,

Quick as if twenty bailiffs dogg’d his heels!

Leaving, perchance, his hearers in their chairs,

Fast as the members of the club in their’s.

THE SECOND CLUB-DINNER.

WELL, Readers, will you meet the club again?

Come, then, and taste their Sillery Champaign,

 Their Hermitage, and Burgundy,

 Their dinner, and their poetry!

The last, you'll say, is meagre food;

And, faith, it is not over good;

But, by creative fancy's aid,

May, like the wine, be better made.

Fancy!—but, see! the dinner's here—

And, circling to the joyous cheer,

The members of the club appear.

 Their ^acockum-pinches laid aside,

 Each drest in all his (tailor's) pride,

^a Cockum-pinch—a flat cocked hat. See the St. James's and St. Giles's Dictionary.

Down to the board of glee they sit,

Of wanton mirth, if not of wit.

Dinner is not to be describ'd in verse,

Though sweet as Darwin's, or as Colman's terse.

So deem it o'er

Quick as before,

And, after many a bumper past around,

To church, and king, and constitution,

The glorious British revolution,

And the club's happy institution—

With other toasts of dearer sound,

“ A health to all the friends we prize,

“ And not a tear in Jessy's eyes!”

After these due libations done,

Suppose the members, one and all,

Desirous of their former fun,

Upon that modest poet call,

Who told, so meekly, t'other day,

The tale of Francis Rabelais.

Excuses made, and unaccepted too,
 What has the ready poet more to do?
 Cease then, dear lady, that loquacious din,
 Knit, or knot on, and hear the tale begin.

THE MARSHAL AND THE BARBER.

A TALE.

THERE are no skins so exquisitely fair
 Among our beaux and belles of noble blood,
 But those, whom chance has lifted from the mud
 In Fortune's richest gifts to hold a share,
 Make, with their rough and sunburnt hides, pretence
 To a far more refin'd and tender sense.

Of such a hide as this my story goes,
 Whose owner, bony, gaunt, a man of swagger,
 Of popgun, harquebuse, and dagger,
 ('Twas one of Bonaparte's maréchaux)

Forgetting that his father,

A plain, painstaking man of labour,
 Had past his life, like many a neighbour,

Unconscious of the sin of lather,

Now, in support of his gentility,

Affected so much sensibility

Of beard,

That it appear'd

No barber in all Paris knew

To pay his ducal visage honour due.

Were I to speak

How many master shavers in a week,

He kill'd with fright

At the big, round and dreadful oaths he swore,

You'd fancy that I lied outright,

And hear no more.

But nothing so inflam'd his generous scorn,

Or rais'd the bristles growing on his scull,

As if the razor, being dull,

Left but one bristle on his chin unshorn.

Gods! what a scene for Rosa to pourtray;
 “ ’Twas restless rage and tempest all the” day.
 Such storm was never heard before, by jingo,
 Though all the dev’ls in hell conspir’d to brew it!
 The marshal’s rage at Wagram, or Marengo,
 Friedland, or Austerlitz, was nothing to it.

Nathless (to use a fashionable phrase,
 New-vampt from *th’ olden days*)
 Our warrior found, at last, an operator
 Who work’d with so much ease and taste,
 And us’d so excellent a shaving-paste,
 That, though “ a pert prim prater”
 He never gave his highness cause to swear
 More than a simple oath or two,
 As *sacre-di!* or *ventre-bleu!*
 From early Floreal to late Frimaire,
 All summer through.
 Of winter I say nothing—heav’n well knew,

When, for our father Adam's sin,
 It sent a covering to the human chin,
 Earth had no torment, like th' adorning
 One's face for breakfast on a frosty morning.
 "Then be the razor dull, or razor bright,"
 A parson's self must swear, a soldier rave outright.

But, to return—
 Our shaver was not of the sober fry,
 Who rather than get merry when they're dry,
 Would burn.
 His was a much more moist philosophy,
 And with those sages did agree,
 Who wisely held Five Reasons good for drinking—
 As, first—the coming of a welcome stranger—
 Then, that you're thirsty—or that you are thinking
 How soon of being thirsty there's some danger—
 Or, that the wine's so good you can't refuse
 Or, lastly, any reason that you chuse.

How many of these causes did combine
To make him call "more wine!"

As at a tavern once he sat,

In edifying chat

With a young Gascon fellow-tonsor,
You need not ask, for I can't answer.

Suffice it, royal cheer they made,

And of good liquor quaff'd their fill.

At last they fell to talking of their trade,

Each loudly boasting his superior skill,

Until

The elder barber, in a fume,

(Either of anger or of wine)

Cried, "Odds! young whipster—and dost thou presume

"To match thy clumsy art with mine?

"Go to, you silly knave—for shame!

"When there's the duke of What's his Name,

"Who, were the razor ne'er so keen,

"Would never think it shav'd him clean—

“ In short, all Paris knew his surly humour—

“ And yet I mow his chin so smooth and flat,

“ He never grumbles—who’ll do more than that?”

“ Zounds!” said the Gascon artist, “ I’ll do more!”

“ What will ye do, you peasant slave and vile?

“ Wo’t drink up ^a eisel? eat a crocodile?”

“ Let me to-morrow, go instead of you,

“ And, *sacre dieu!*

“ I’ll shave but half his face, leaving the other

“ As guiltless of the razor as my mother,

“ Yet, when I’ve finish’d, make the duke declare

“ I suit him to a hair,

“ And pay me too.”—“ Done, for a ducat!”—“ Done!

“ And, as I live, the wager’s fairly won.”

Next day, our elder feign’d indisposition,

And sent his Gascon friend, who crav’d permission

To pass a whetted razor o’er the face,

So tender, of his grace,

^a Vinegar. How the old French barber comes to quote Hamlet, is unaccountable.

With all the courteous phrase by barbers us'd,

Who would not be refus'd.

Granted—with all a Gascon's modesty,

(That's much the same as modesty at Dublin)

He plants himself, easy and free,

Without a moment's pause or trouble, in

The marshal's antichamber—takes his station,

And waits—till, rising out of feather-bed,

In stalks, with awe-inspiring tread,

The barber-killing conqueror of Braghation!

Who ey'd the Gascon round and round,

And seeing him so tall, well-limb'd, and stout,

Perhaps might entertain a doubt

Whether, if he had chanc'd to meet the peasant,

Alone, in a dark lane, he might have found

It quite so pleasant.

Howe'er it be,

The bravest man among us must confess

He cannot treat a rogue of six feet three,

Like one whose stature is six inches less.

So to this youth, so stout and large of bone,
 The marshal grunted in a lower tone,
 Than was his custom with the shaving crew.
 He sate, and bade the knave commence his work ;
 Who, setting to like any Turk,
 Shav'd half the Marshal's face before he knew
 The business was begun.
 But, though in skill our Gascon has it hollow,
 The worst is yet to follow,
 Before his wager can be fairly won.
 With half a chin the duke to satisfy?
 Sir Huon had not half so hard a job,
 To pull the teeth out of his old Nabob.^a
 What can he do?—he lays his razor by,
 And, keeping still his former station,
 Turns up his eyes, and clasps his hands,
 And like a marble statue stands,
 Mutt'ring some strange ejaculation.

^a See Sotheby's Oberon.

—At first, the marshal stares about,
 Like one unused to the acting mood,
 Astonish'd at the tonsor's attitude

Devout:

Till, at the last, his patience quite worn out,
 In gentle phrase he thus the clod rebukes:

“Odzooks!” he cries, “you saucy knave! odsniggers!

“Am I to sit all day, half-shorn?

“While you, as if in scorn,

“Stand playing thus your antic figures?

“Odsniggers! saucy knave, go on, odzooks!”

(The duke, as you may hear, was not select

In choice of fashionable oaths:

But men change not their language with their clothes,

And from a marshal what can one expect?)

“Sir,” said the Gascon, with a bow profound,

Quite to the ground,

“Please your great highness of its wrath to spare,

“I was at pray’r.”

“ At pray’r, you Gascon scoundrel? *sacre di!*”

“ Is this a time for pray’r, while shaving me?”

“ Pray’r never comes amiss, an’t please your grace,

“ In any place.”

“ Odslife! was ever such a shaver?”

“ Tell me the reason of this strange behaviour?”

“ Since,” calmly thus rejoin’d the youth,

“ Your highness bids me tell the truth,

“ While shaving you, I felt so curst

“ And devilish an inclination

“ To cut your noble throat, that I was forced

“ To pray to God against the strong temptation.”

“ Zounds!” scream’d the marshal, rising in a fright,

“ Out of my sight!”

“ What, Sir! when I have shav’d but half your chin?

“ That were a sin.

“ No—please your highness, keep your seat;

“ I’m ready for the other side :

“ The trials of the dev’l are great,

“ But I’ve sufficiently been tried ;

“ And, I believe, I now may safely swear

“ Heav’n has been pleas’d to hear my pray’r.”

——“ Believe!” resum’d the chief—

“ Oons! shall I trust my throat to your belief?

“ Begone, or else you’ll breed a riot—

“ Here, Jean, Jacques, George!”—“ Dread Sir, be quiet—

“ To leave your grace in such a pickle

“ Would blast my shaving reputation

“ Before the nation,

“ And might proclaim your highness somewhat fickle :

“ I cannot leave you thus”—“ Avaunt,

“ Imp of the devil!”—“ I must”—“ Away!”

“ Only one minute let me stay”—

“ You sha’n’t.”

“ You’ll be as smooth as when you first were born.”

“ Zounds, Sir! I like to be half shorn!”

“ Oh, Sir, if you are satisfied”—

“ Rascal! I’m perfectly content”—

“ I only hope, if you repent,

“ You’ll send for me to shave the other side.

“ But, please your grace, before I go—

“ Your highness—Sir, I’m much afraid,

“ You’re not well pleas’d—your grace must know”—

“ Oh, certainly—what, ho! my page, here!

“ See that the gentleman is paid”—

“ Good morning, Sir—I’ve won my wager.”

The barber’s pray’r amus’d the party—

They gave it commendation hearty,

And look’d around their merry crew

For somebody to take the cue.

But now the absence they deplore

Of their decorous Bachelor.

“ He,” said a friend, “ was so delighted

“ With what he heard before recited,

“ And thought himself so much inferior—

“ That in his inmost room’s interior

“ Whole reams of foolscap is he blotting,

“ And volumes of Horse-Laugh is plotting.”

“ His grinning may he ne’er repent !”

Replied the portly President :

“ But, since he’s lost to us awhile,

“ I, in his turn, will try to smile.”

RURAL SPORTS.

SCENE, OXFORD.^a

PERHAPS, gentles, ye have not the knowledge

Of the interior of a college?

Without—all wondrous fair to see,

With battlements and tracery—

Within—a den of misery.

’Tis as a pincushion of woe,

Fast stuck with pins, above, below,

Of feuds and jars,

And petty wars,

And aches,

Mementos to unmarried rakes.

^a This grin, the preceding, and the following, belong to my friends.

Deans and scouts,
 Carbuncled snouts,
 Students, fellows,
 So mutually jealous,
 Puff'd up with monkish pride, like blacksmith's bellows!
 And fathers entering sons,
 And duns.

Here saint and sinner
 From common dinner
 To common room resort:
 And quaff the bowl,
 And steep the soul
 In prejudice and port.
 While, 'mid the crew,
 Some silly few,
 Students, who think to get their bread by learning,
 (Ah! little of these times discerning!)
 Within the gloom
 Of cloistered room,
 Their fellowships sit earning.

Such was my hero, Jonas Cater—^a

Despis'd alike by scouts and deans,

He only came to Alma Mater

A commoner of sorry means,

To read, and stuff his head with Greek;

To unriddle Herman's riddles, and to seek

A sustenance, by wearing out his eyes,

And carrying off the prize.

But other commoners there be,

Called Gentlemen by courtesy

Of learned University,

On Wisdom's common shy of feeding,

But blest with all a coachman's breeding;

As far as mimics e'er can reach

The manners that their betters teach;

And, give the gentlemen their due,

Their copy of their grooms is true.

^a It is hardly necessary to observe, that the names of the characters here introduced are chosen for the sake of the rhyme.

'They blow a horn

To admiration!

As if but born

To fill a mail-guard's station.

Such was the honourable Mr. Gee,

A youth of fashion and of family.

And he

Was fond of fun,

Was fond of shooting,

But as for Newton—

He made the *Doctor* wadding for his gun.

Nor did he deign to toil

At Messrs. Locke and Boyle,

But studied Master Hoyle :

(For such was his familiar name

For those who could his favour claim.)

In hunting season

He thought it treason

To pore o'er mathematics in a cell,
Annoy'd by single knocks, or chapel's tinkling bell.

So that for thorough knowledge
Of Manton's guns,
Of bilking duns,
Of Bibury races,
And likeliest places
To find a hare or fox,
Or how to drive and slang^a on Bobart's box,
He beat all rivals in his college—
Such was the honourable Mr. Gee,
A youth of fashion and of family.

Now up one flight of stairs, just over head,
Lived Jonas Cater; and, below, the said
Illustrious honourable
Kept the genteelest table
Within that hallow'd wall,
And rarely vulgariz'd in hall.

* Our author would have said, "cap" (meaning "verses"), but the Oxonian Charioteer has few undergraduate, or graduate competitors in this classical amusement.

Now, as he oft was feeding

His cronies of the self-same breeding,

He felt no great respect or love

For Mopus in the room above.

Their several modes of life

Were form'd for dissonance we must allow—

Jonas was meek, and hated strife,

And row,

And 'mid his books he wallow'd like a sow.

But Mr. Gee

Lived very free;

His forte

Was sport,

Over Champagne—not vulgar wines—like Port—

And, braving learning, it was his

To quiz.

The nine he did not woo—

(Rather, indeed, the ninety-two,

Not one of whom refuses

Her suitor, like the prudish Muses)

He drank no water from Pindaric rocks :

His study lay

Another way

In cutting lectures, and in cutting jokes :

Pindaric or Millerian jokes-I trow,

Like those you see

Perusing me,

Borrowing of Peter to pay Joe.

It chanced one day

A-bed he lay,

Sick to the heart, and tossing now, now dosing,

When Jonas, who was always at his prosing,

Was firing off Greek canons over head,

Not praying for the sick in bed,

Or caring if alive or dead.

Conceive the agony

Of frantic Mr. Gee!

He grinds his teeth, he swells and swears,

And sends ten thousand messages up stairs—

But Jonas was not much a man of feeling,
So spouted on, and mouth'd it through the ceiling.

Enraged the noble royster rose,

And donned his clothes;

And put a vermin hat upon his poll,

A Belcher handkerchief around his jowl,

And sent for all his messmates to condole,

And raise so loud a moan, as

Should stifle domine Jonas.

In high heroic rhyme the muse shall tell
The twanging bugles, and discordant yell,
Rais'd by the tenants of the lower sphere,
To rack the studious head, and pierce the learned ear!
How far 'twas heard from areas to attics,
Confounding Greek, confounding mathematics!
Twelve bugle-horns were foremost in the row—
View-halloos twelve—twelve times the tallyho!
Such noises once could chear the Berkeley hounds,
Ere Remus leapt o'er Romulus's bounds.^a

^a See the cause of E—x versus C—l.

Such noises still are made the test of wit,
Where howl O. P.'s in Covent Garden pit.

Jonas was puzzled and hard run

(Before the din begun)

By something in a cursed crabbed chorus,

Written, as if to bore us,

By Aristophanes, the Colman of his time,

Who wrote in rhythm, not in rhyme,

Perhaps in neither one nor t'other—

But Jonas had a system in his head;

His brain to bother

About the said;

For he was so exceeding dense,

He misconceiv'd the Greek, and thought it *should* be sense.

And now he ponder'd much and long

Upon an aorist tense—

When horns, in discord loud and strong,

In tenor and in base,

As 'twere a glorious chase,

Came rattling up the stair-case far and wide,
 And set all choruses and verbs aside!
 Perhaps you have read, though I have not,
 A tale translated by one Scott,
 In which of nightly hunts you hear,
 But never huntsman doth appear,
 Although he makes a dreadful thunder
 With hell-hounds, in the Tales of Wonder—
 (I heard a Bluestocking the tale repeat,
 A Bluestocking—I never wish again to meet!)
 So did these boys invisible resound,
 “Go! hark! hark! hark!” and thrill the courts around.
 Quoth Jonas, “Damn it! (God forgive me,)”
 “’Twould make a parson swear—I reckon’d
 “Th’ Antistrophe could not much longer grieve me:
 “But, hold! their noise is o’er—the *hunt* is done”—
 “Whoop! loo, loo, loo!” their *course* is just begun—
 Then issued “loo, loo, loo,” and “whoop!” the second.
 But soon the stormy bugle sounds again,
 And the rebellious hunt comes thundering on amain.

Down rushes Jonas to the noble crew,
 And begs a truce in common courtesy ;
 But still the clamour loud and louder grew,
 While, at their head, stentorian Mr. Gee,
 Who, like a trumpeter, his bugle blew,
 Harking his phalanx on, and full in front,
 Shouts " Off with Jonas ! I've a right to hunt !"
 Poor Jonas groan'd, and crept with low'ring looks
 Back to his books.

Now long the lower chorus rang ;
 In vain the upper chorus sang :
 In hearty laughs the jovial crew
 Their riot and their noise pursue.
 And Mr. Gee, the lucky winner
 In such revenge, invites to dinner
 All his bold huntsmen.—Dinner spread,
 Down volley on their head,
 O'er rafters and o'er beams,
 Such streams

As ill beseems

The bard to tell, who scorns ignoble themes—

Suffice it, all were soon unhoused,

The dinner in a deluge borne away,

And all the gentlemen so gay

Completely soused.

“What, ho! what, Jonas!” halloed Mr. Gee,

“Run, Scout, and bring that book-worm down to me.

“I’ll make him honour this victorious fist,

“And rue the dinner—which my friends have mist.”

“Soft, soft,” quoth Jonas, “take this message back—

“At Rural Sports we both have got our knack:

“Both love to loiter through the summer day,

“And suit our fancies with our favourite play:

“This morning early *hunting* was *his* wish,

“*I* chose this evening as *my* time to *fish*.”



Well-pleas'd with "Rural Sports," by land and water,

They drink success to Alma Mater.

And now the bard of Rabelais

(Who, and the Rural Sportsman, seem'd to play

Into each other's hands) declar'd

He had another tale prepar'd ;

And, if at such a tale they would not scoff,

Immediately would fire it off.

OLD PRICES;^a

OR,

"THE LAY OF THE LOBBY:"

A METRICAL ROMANCE.

No more of rural sports—no more at all

Of sedgy Cherwell, or pellucid Isis—

You all have heard, or shall hear now,

The *row*

^a Did we not disdain to borrow or to make Latin puns, we should print as a motto to this tale—*OPes! Irritamenta Malorum!*—or, *OPes! Strepitumque!*—or, *Plus æquo OPerata juvenus.*

That did in Covent Garden pit befall
 About *Old Prices*,
 Resounding through the long *piaches*,
 Fell cause of broken ribs and sundry *aitches*.^a

Young Tom Carruthers, when he came from sea,
 In the year 1803,
 Having the full range of the town,
 Up and down,
 In spirits high, of temper funny,
 And furnish'd with but little ready money,
 To gratify his fondness for amour,
 Was forc'd to make such love as suits the poor ;
 According to his meat to cook his broth,
 And cut his coat according to his cloth.

Those bards are much too prone to satire,
 Who say, that in an age like this,

No miss

^a See Otway's Caius Marius, as later *authority* than the Tempest for this orthodox pronunciation.

Will listen to a suitor needy—

No—no—the dears are not so greedy,

Nor is true love so difficult a matter—

Tom out of thousands might have made election,

And soon obtain'd reciprocal affection

From a sweet girl, as fair as willing,

At the small price of *seven shilling*.

But time and tide will stay for no man,

Not even in the arms of woman ;

And Love, however pure, must yield

When Honour summons to the field.

So Tom's last golden bit was spent

To give his charming girl content,

(His girl so kind to men,)

When, with a part of half-a-crown,

He left the fascinating town,

And went to sea again.

His Chloe play'd the true-love's part,

As well as many a nobler dame—

She to no others gave her heart,

But such as paid her for the same.

Fortune, (as Master Froissart teaches,

And many more have taught before him,)

Now gives a friend her best-lined breeches,

Now leaves him naked as his mother bore him.

'Twas thus Tom's girl,

From drinking gin and purl,

Passed under the protection of an Earl :

While Tom,

After a six years' India cruise,

And many a trial to convert Hindoos,

Was back to London come,

Without a shilling in his purse,

Better or worse.

But what's all this, you'll ask me now,

To what I promised of the *row*

At Covent Garden?

I crave your pardon.

Gentles, why may we not suppose

That our young friend, Carruthers, goes

The foremost of a host of foes

To imposition,

Half drunk, half sober, at half-price,

To give the managers advice

On their condition,

From the true seat of critic wit,

The pit?

There, on all British hats we see,

In letters long and large, O. P.

And from all British throats we hear,

"Hiss! hiss! off! off!" Oh! words of fear,

Unpleasing to the player's ear!

And Johnny Bull, as if in scorn,

Sits blowing of his horn.

(Horn—much more innocent I ween

Than those in private boxes seen,

Where ladies sit in arbours green,

Behind a screen—

Horn—much more safe than those, I fear,

On the third tier—

Horn—more respectable and frugal—

The bugle.)

Catcall and whistle,

Mortar and pestle,

Fists and sticks,

Cuffs, and licks,

And kicks :

Women's screeches,

Kemble's speeches,

Spouting,

And shouting :

Caterwauling,

Bawling, squalling,

And sprawling :

Jews untrussing for the battle,
 Penny trumpet, watchman's rattle,

Metrical placards

By Grub Street bards,

Placards in prose,

Treading on toes :

Breaking of bones,

Hisses and groans ;

To aid the swell,

The dustman's bell :

While the laughter rolls

From the pigeon holes

To the private boxes

Fill'd with doxies.

Tearing of benches,

Breaking of lustres,

Fainting of wenches,

Amid the blusters

Of the managers' musters—

Enough, in short, to make the royal Kemble

Tremble,

And Mr. Harris

To wish himself at Petersburg or Paris!

It is not to be doubted that our Tom,

(As noisy as a great gom-gom)

Was first and foremost in degree

In cause of British liberty,

To turn his back upon the stage;

Express with hand and foot his rage,

And, when the Dickons came prepared to sing,

Still to strike up "God save the King."

It chanc'd, defending thus the cause

Of Britain's liberty and laws,

And looking round him for applause,

In the side-boxes, gay and shewy,

He 'spied his old acquaintance Chloe,

Tearing, in spite of town and bard,
A very fanciful placard.

Sad was Tom Carruthers' heart, he
Felt distress his bosom tear—
“Chloe of the Kemble party!
“Woe is me to see her there.”^a

So said our Tom—but better men than he,
And higher in degree,
Have found their public spirit yield,
When private friendship takes the field.
So from the moment that he saw
His Chloe there, Tom ceas'd his jaw,
And looks with anxious eye,
And sly,
Till his fair amazon unlocks
Her box—

Then takes advantage of the row
To leave the noisy herd below,

^a Our author is here guilty of gross plagiarism from the pathetic ballad of Durandarte and Belerma.

And slips, among the slain and slaying,
 Into the lobby without paying.

The lobby—where

The first he meets with is his lovely dear—
 To whom, approaching with a smile,
 He asks, “how she has fared this tedious while?”

She eyes him long from top to toe,
 And, seeing him so little of a beau,
 Disdainful turns to Lemonade and Ices—

He not at all dismay’d by this,
 Nor taking it the least amiss,

Pursues the scorner

Into a corner,

Where nothing but her wit can save her
 From Tom Carruthers’s rude behaviour.

So, staring at his hat, says she,

“What do I see?”

“O. P.?”

“No, Sir—I’m not for your *Old Prices!*”

Loud was the laugh that crown'd the tale—

And, Gentles, if ye like it too,

Your faithful Grinner will not fail

His cachinnations to renew :

To Momus, spite of Chesterfield, devoted,

And spite of Cicero, by Ainsworth quoted !^a

Then let not any beau in town

Mistaké his general hits for side-blows ;

And let no prudish beauty frown,

For Venus' self was philomeidose.^b

^a See his Dictionary for “cachinnatio.”

^b A lover of laughter.

See Homer.

The following Specimens of the Mock-Pathetic were not received in time for Recitation at the Second Club-dinner.—Should they take (as the phrase is), More Last Words of the same Merry Mourners may be expected, at the Third Meeting of their Society, in the ensuing Season.

VERSES BY A FRIEND:

*Intended as additional Stanzas to "The Poet's Epitaph,"
in the second Volume of certain Lyrical Ballads.*

A BUTCHER art thou? Fly this place!

Bear to the shambles or the stocks

The plumpness of thy ruddy face,

The splendour of thy coal-black locks.

An *over-looker* of the poor?

Disturb not thou the sleeping dead!

Our poet never could endure

Rice, herring, soup, and barley-bread.

Art thou a surgeon, one who pries

Beyond the sentence of the law?

One who could e'en anatomize

The corpse of Jerry Abershaw?

When unresisting, helpless, bound,
 Before thee lies thy wretched prey,
 Thy coward hand inflicts the wound,
 And tears the tortured limb away!

A walking-stick-maker, who robs,
 To deck the vain, our peaceful groves,
 While many a feathery bosom throbs,
 And linnets mourn their little loves?

Or dost thou own a flute or fiddle,
 (Manhood's worst bane and reason's scoff)
 Whose pride is, leading down the middle,
 Whose noblest triumph, casting off?

Bear far away thy catgut shrill,
 And silence that obstreperous breath!
 Thy scrape the sleeping bard would thrill,
 And set on edge the teeth of death.

A sportsman art thou? Turn aside,

And halloo to thy dogs the louder!

Our poet never sat astride,

And could not bear the smell of powder.

A cheesemonger, that lump of clay?

Bear off! The poet well could feel—

And would have scorned to tear away

The labouring rustic's humble meal.

To rob of milk the bounteous farm,

(Spurr'd on by filthy lucre's itch)

For what?—to give a finer charm

To the froth'd porter of the rich!^a

But art thou one, whose bosom pure,

Free from the taint of worldly art,

No other object can endure

Than hills and streams and thine own heart?

^a False sensibility and hypocritical pretensions to the love of equality are got too stale even to be laughed at. But, perhaps, we are now

Thee does the mob of men exclude

From their low mirth and haunts unholy,

Then dost thou fly to solitude,

And chaunt the sweets of melancholy?

And dost thou languid verses scrawl,

Whene'er the heavy moments press,

Then by the name of genius call

The slipshod child of Idleness?

Dost thou from care and labour shrink,

And, floating down the stream of time,

Cull flowery phrases on the brink,

And weave them into wreaths of rhyme?

Dost thou, at sight of deep distress,

Bid the soft tear of pity start,

Then walk away, and inly bless

Thine own benevolence of heart?

falling into the contrary extreme—and almost any thing is better than apathy.

Oh, come ! our bard like thee would sit

Whole hours to see the river run ;

Whole hours his youthful brow would knit,

And contemplate the glorious sun !

As dull the live-long day would snore,

As wise the wat'rish moon behold,

As innocent and senseless—for

He died when he was ten months old !^a

^a See another poem of the great original alluded to above.—Mourning a youthful bard, the author prettily says—

“ He died—when he was ten years old ! ”

Cum jam decimum annum nactus esset.

The subjoined continuation of "the Poet's Epitaph" is separated from the preceding, as not being so close an Imitation of the Original; and, indeed, as designed for the Tomb-stone of some older Bard.—I am answerable for its badinage.

ART thou a methodist? begone!

Nor, drawling through thy holy nose,

Retail the trash of Calvin John,

To break the bard's divine repose,

A mountebank? Go, vend thy drugs

Where pamper'd cits emetics crave—

But leave an ointment for the bugs,

As garret guests may haunt the grave.

A bailiff? wonder to be heard,

And of no bard recorded yet!

The only debt he e'er incurred

Was duly paid—dame nature's debt.

Art thou that "wretch of common ways,"

Who, gadding on from door to door,

Retail'st what ev'ry neighbour says,

Has said a thousand times before?

Avaunt! so wond'rously sublime

Our poet's energetic mind,

Beyond the bounds of space and time

He slept, he broke his fast, he din'd!

Pen, ink, and paper at his side

Attended ev'ry meal he took;

The punchbowl pour'd a ceaseless tide,

Or claret fir'd his growing book.

Then, well may guess each kindred soul,

How dreadfully his brow would low'r,

When, summon'd from his book and bowl,

With idle guests he lost an hour.

A stockbroker? thou'lt break his trance!

The only stocks he never knew,

(Except the parish stocks, perchance)

Were stocks that in his garden grew,

A printer's devil! hast forgot

Thou wert amongst his earthly foes?

His ghost will cry, "Yet here's a blot!"

And, Dunstan-like, will wring thy nose.

A dull compositor? Oh, heav'n!

Thou'lt not compose his angry sprite—

Hope not in death to be forgiv'n,

Thou could'st not read what he could write,

And oft with agonizing smile

He saw his noblest phrase misspelt;

He saw—ye poets say, the while

What he, your tortur'd brother, felt!

A fashionable dame? who lies

Till three o'clock on downy bed,

Then, "Anna, here, good Anna," cries,

"Bring me a book to clear my head—

"Bring me the poems bound in pink,

"Light reading cools the widow's breast:

"'Tis painful to be forc'd to think,

"So poems bound in pink are best."

Oh, horrible! the bard would wake,

If such a slave of cold ennui

Her lifeless way should hither take

With simp'ring smile, and soft "Tehe!

"Tehe! that pretty poet too—

"'Tis very odd—Sir John, you're right—

"Dear Lady Mary, how d'ye do?

"Does Catalani sing to-night?"

Oh, horrible! but worse, far worse,

Aping high fashion's western fame,

Condemn'd to affectation's curse,

If grocer's daughters do the same!

Then from his tomb the bard would rise,

The bard who lov'd bohea so well,

And, scattering grave-dust in their eyes,

Bid them that dust for hyson sell.

Art thou a wine-merchant? Begone!

No, stay—for second thoughts are best—

Pour out thy claret here, pour on,

The fragrant stream will help his rest.

A cook? thou too may'st stay to-night,

If thy spring-chickens are but good;

Their savour may refresh his sprite,

Remember'd yet by Lethe's flood.

A tailor? section of mankind,

Avaunt! thy aid he ne'er could need—

Scissars for him the fates would find,

The muse a measure long indeed.

A resurrection-man? beware!

So restless are the tuneful kind,

Instead of spermaceti there,

A noisy poet you may find.

A goldsmith? goldsmith, you forgot

His leaves were any thing but gold—

He had no mound of riches, yet

From Richmond sailing caught a cold,

A cold that laid him with the dead,

“Where slowly steals the winding wave,”

And where his friends so much have said,

“To deck their poet's sylvan grave.”

A washerwoman? pray retire!

You never wash'd a minstrel's shirt—
 And still, beside yon whitewash'd spire,
 "The Druid lies," begrim'd with dirt.

Art thou an architect? behold

One who could build the lofty rhyme!
 Whose labours, as they grow more old,
 Defy still more the scythe of Time.

Toxophilite? vain archer go!

Thou could'st not shoot so far as he—
 He shot, from a much longer bow,
 The licens'd lies of poetry.

A hatter? man of sympathy!

Like you, the poet must have felt—
 A fishmonger? no place had he,
 But when he died he must have smelt.

A staymaker? Oh, do not stay!

No stays the manly poet uses—

But, if you'll take his word for pay,

He'll tick corsets for all the Muses.

Terpsichore! tight lace thy jumps!

And dance by hell's admiring jailors—

The bard shall wear his best of pumps,

And foot "the devil among the tailors."

A blacksmith? let thy sledge remain;

Anvil and hammer lie reclin'd:

Our poet's anvil was his brain,

He hammer'd out his mighty mind.

A carpenter? thy saw be still—

His saws were keener far than thine:

Thy gimlet equall'd not his quill,

He bor'd you with his pointed line.

A guager? here thy brother view—

He measur'd verses—measur'd wine—

And if he could not guage like you,

More oft was he engaged to dine.

Here 1000 stanzas are lost; supposed to contain puns sufficient to stock an equal number of modern dramatists.

Apothecary? man of gall,

Of rhubarb, leeches, snails, and slugs!

A pot he car'd for, more than all

Thy nasty pharmacy and drugs.

A pumpmaker? thou can'st not tell

How deep he pump'd his scull for wit—

His jug went often to the well,

But brought up little out of it.

A cutler? cutting was his trade ;

Oft would he cut and come again :

But now his last great cut is made—

His thread of life is cut in twain.

A country gentleman? for shame !

Our poet would no country own—

To him all regions were the same,

The torrid, or the frigid zone.

Art thou from France? how gay, how bright!

A Dane? free, honest, just, and good !

A Savoyard? thy heart how light !

An Englishman? Oh, d——n your blood !

Our bard held prejudice a sin,

His soul from ev'ry bias free,

Save that, where Nature's ties begin,

There ceases his philanthropy.

A brushmaker? go, brush away!

He would not value you a rush—

He us'd no brushes—though, they say,

He went to Collins' Evening Brush.

A bricklayer? Oh, man of mould!

Thy sight would make the poet sick:

He was but clay—and yet, we're told,

His head was hard as any brick.

A drover? thou may'st here be found!

Thou art too sheepish, friend, by half—

In sheepskin he was often bound,

And often in congenial calf.

A waggoner? my friend, wag on—

Thy tinkling bells would give him pain—

His love of belles with life is gone,

His soul has fled to Charles's wain.

A gard'ner? use not here thy spade;

The sexton has perform'd his part:

Perfumer? useless is thy trade—

He stinks without the aid of art.

A ferryman? go, go along!

He's crost the Styx in Charon's ferry:

A merry Andrew? thou art wrong—

His name was John, though he was merry.

A florist? how he would abhor

Thy arts free nature to enthrall!

He never lov'd a hot-bed—for

He seldom went to bed at all.

A chymist? his mercurial wit

Had well with sublimation tallied:

A prize-fighter? his favourite hit

Was on the head, and well he rallied.

A planter? how our bard would scoff!

His plants were never worth the rearing:

A sheepshearer? my friend, sheer off!

His was great cry—but little shearing.

A spinal iron-maker? go!

Propper of backs, the bard was not awry—

A clerk of Goodluck's? Goodluck, no!

The bard had no luck in the lottery.

A turnpikeman? Oh, turn and weep!

Though much he scorn'd thy toll to pay:

The gate of death he could not leap—

They toll'd his knell but yesterday!

THE END.

